Chicago

JUNE 1954

25 cents

37 mayors who made a city

a neighborhood puts on a street fair

Chicago and the

H-bomb

by Eugene Rabinowitch

"then the dragon came.

Nobody tells a story like Daddy. The everyday world fades away as his words lead you into a new and shining land.

And what if the Dragon is a bit scary? You need only climb into Daddy's arms to be safe and secure again before it's time to sleep.

To make those we love safe and secure is the very core of homemaking. It is a privilege known only in a country such as ours, where men and women are free to work for it.

And taking care of our own is also the way we best take care of our country. For the strength of America is simply the strength of one secure home touching that of another.

Saving for security is easy! Read every word—now!

If you've tried to save and failed, chances are it was because you didn't have a *plan*. Well, here's a savings system that really works—the Payroll Savings Plan for investing in U.S. Savings Bonds. This is all you do. Go to your company's pay office, choose the amount you want to save—a couple of dollars a payday, or as much as you wish. That money will be set aside for you before you even draw your pay. And automatically invested in Series "E" U.S. Savings Bonds which are turned over to you.

If you can save only $3.75 a week on the Plan, in 9 years and 8 months you will have $2,137.30.

United States Series "E" Savings Bonds earn interest at an average of 3% per year, compounded semiannually, when held to maturity! And they can go on earning interest for as long as 19 years and 8 months if you wish, giving you a return of 80% on your original investment!

Eight million working men and women are building their security with the Payroll Savings Plan. For your sake, and your family's, too, how about signing up today? If you are self-employed, ask your banker about the Bond-A-Month Plan.

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COVER

Bruce Beck, director of the Whitaker-Guernsey Design Group and president of the Society of Typographic Arts, symbolizes two of the ingredients of a dynamic city with the politician's gavel and the artist's brush. See "Mayors of Chicago" and "Old Town Holiday Fair" to learn how they function.

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Designed by Dick Brown

EVERY MAN HIS OWN HENRY FORD

Sports Car comes in a king-size Build-It-Yourself Kit

▪ If success can be found in taking advantage of trends, a new car called "The Chicagoan" can't miss. It makes an appeal to the devotees of *three* current enthusiasms. The sports car fan, the hot-rod fanatic, and the man who fancies himself a "Do-It-Yourself" expert will each find it irresistible.

Fully assembled and ready to take its place in the affections of a sports car aficionado, the Chicagoan consists of a handsome, clean-lined fiberglas body mounted on a low, close-to-the-road frame and powered with one or another make of V-8 motor. You can buy it in this finished state from the distributors, Ketchum's Automotive Corp., with your choice of upholstery, paint job and auxiliary gadgets, for something like $3,300. With a new Oldsmobile motor as powerplant, you'll be able to flout speed laws up to a flagrance of 120 mph, taking whatever consolation you may from the knowledge that the body is three times as hard to dent as steel, the center of gravity is several inches lower than a standard car's, and you've saved 1,000 pounds in weight.

Assume, however, that your liking for low, fast locomotion is augmented by a red-blooded desire to use your own two hands. In this case, your first step is to scout thru the used car lots for a Ford or Mercury V-8, vintage of '42 to '48.

You then strip this down to the running gear – wheels, axles, transmission, motor, steering assembly, etc.

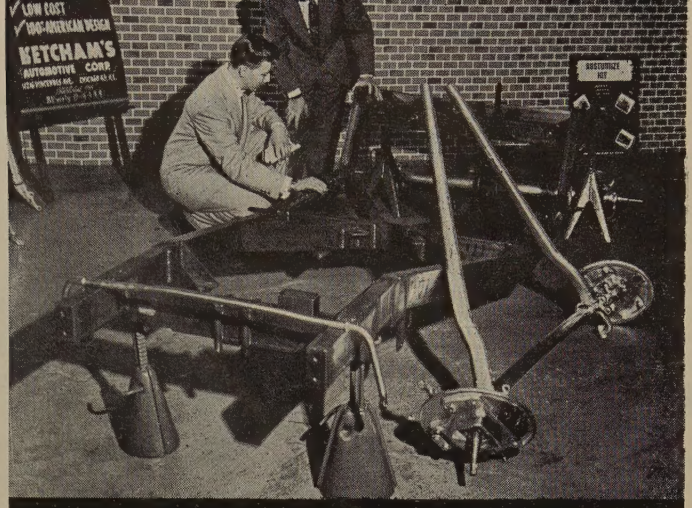
▪ Your hot-rod temperature will be a consideration here. Speed merchants will soup up the motor, adding extra carburetion, high-speed valves and other imprudent refinements. The Ketchums and their manufacturer, Frank Hinger, are not entirely happy about this prospect. They feel, however, that if you're going to have an engine capable of extra-legal speeds, you're far less likely to jeopardize life and limb when you mount it on the Chicagoan's "super-safety" frame.

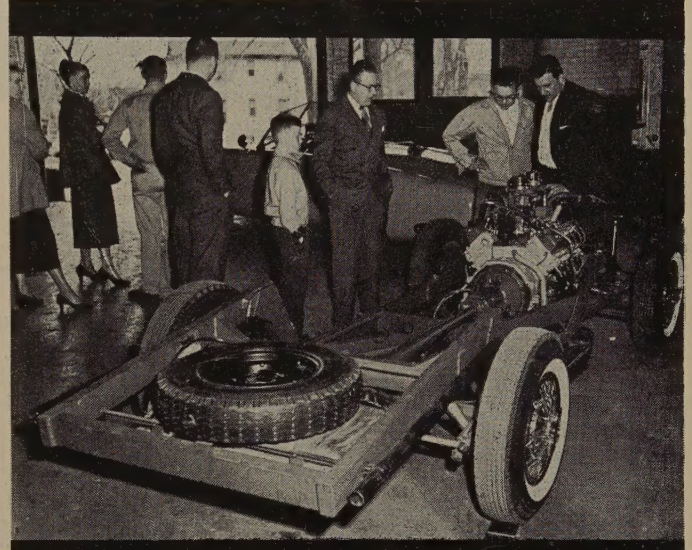
You then put the body in place,

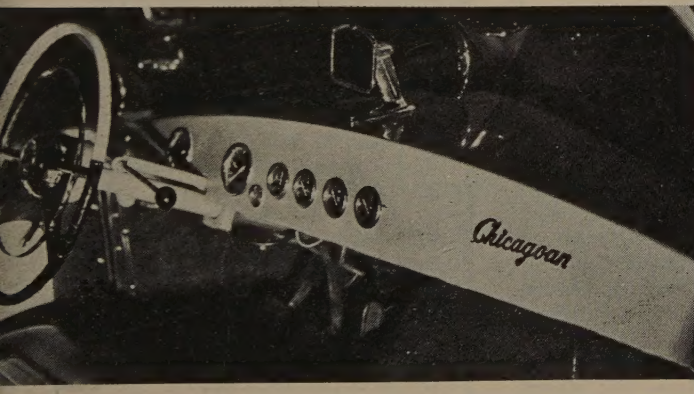
paint it whatever color you like, add whatever strikes your fancy in the way of gadget and accessory, and give way to a burst of justified pride. You have a car that need take neither dust nor disdain from an MG or a Nash-Healy, and your self-reliance has saved you $2,000.

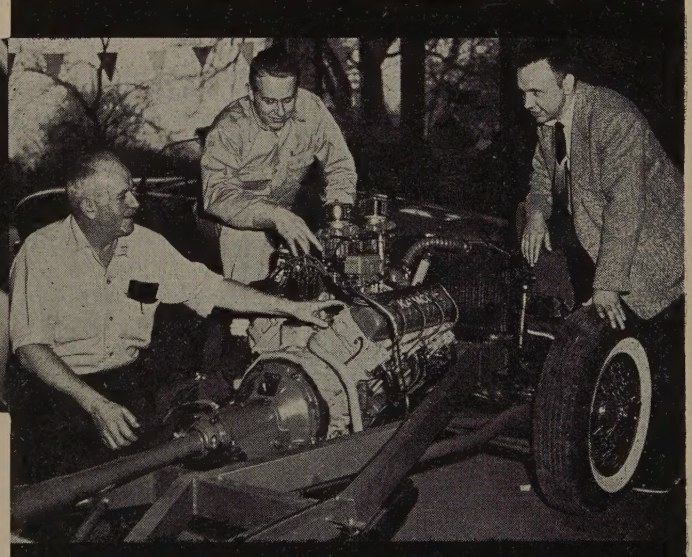
▪ Advertising literature says the Chicagoan can be built "with unbelievable ease . . . [by] anyone with just a minimum of experience with tools and motors." When pushed, however, the makers admit that it just might be a good idea to have a friendly mechanic on hand with advice and/or help and/or his tools and equipment. You get the idea, in fact, that unless you put in your army time in the motor pool, it would be just as well if you stood back a little further out of the way and didn't ask so many damn fool questions. Even with the services of such a friend counted in, tho, you're saving hundreds of dollars over a comparable factory-made car.

Robert Owens is the designer who produced the idea for the Chicagoan. (Earlier in his career he designed the body for the Fisher sports car). He built the prototype in a rented barn. The factory producing the assembly units is Triplex Industries.









Stages of construction of the Chicagoan, at right:

This is the bedrock frame that gives the Chicagoan stability at high speed, as well as an impression of fast motion even when it's at the curb.

Motor and running gear have been mounted on the frame. The makers say this can be accomplished "with unbelievable ease."

Roy Ketchum, son Don, and designer Robert Owens discuss mechanical features of an Oldsmobile motor mounted on the Chicagoan frame.

Don Ketchum vigorously bangs a section of fiberglas to demonstrate its toughness. It resists denting with three times the stubbornness of steel.

WHAT GOES ON HERE

THEATER

Shakespeare Festival, Playwrights Theater, courtyard of 1020 Art Center, 1020 Lake Shore dr. (WH 3-2272). The Playwrights company, in an all-summer series, will perform on an Elizabethan stage in the courtyard. They plan to carry on under a tarpaulin in case of rain. The program: "A Midsummer Night's Dream," June 15-July 4; "Henry IV," July 6-July 25; "The Tempest," July 27-August 15; "Romeo and Juliet," August 17-Sept. 5. Tues. thru Sun. at 8:30 p.m. Subscriptions for the season are available.

in the loop at press time

Time Out for Ginger, Harris, 170 n. Dearborn st. (CE 6-8240). A pleasant bit of fluff. Melvyn Douglas and the girl football player. Nightly except Mon. at 8:30, Sun. and Tues. 7:30. Mat. Wed. and Sat., 2:30.

Me and Juliet, Shubert, 22 w. Monroe st. (CE 6-8240). The warm and lavish backstage world of Rodgers and Hammerstein. Isabel Bigley, Bill Hayes and especially Joan McCracken. Nightly at 8:30, mat. Sat. at 2:30.

My 3 Angels, Selwyn, 180 n. Dearborn (CE 6-8240). A comedy about convicts doing a good turn. Walter Slezak heads an otherwise undistinguished cast. Nightly at 8:30, mat. Wed., Sat., at 2:30.

Stalag 17, Great Northern, 26 w. Jackson (CE 6-8240). Second chance to see the comedy about war prisoners. This time with George Tobias, and at popular prices. Nightly at 8:30, mat. Wed. & Sat. at 2:30.

Twin Beds, Blackstone, 60 e. Balbo, (CE 6-8240). Opening May 23. Nightly at 8:30.

This Is Cinerama, Eitel's Palace, 159 w. Randolph st. (AN 3-0055). Still drawing a full house, and it's still an exhilarating experience with a new dimension in film. Nightly Sun. thru Thurs. 8:30; Fri. 7 and 10 p.m.; Sat. 7:30 and 10:30 p.m. Mat. Mon. thru Thurs. 2:30; Fri. 1 p.m.; Sat. 2:30 p.m.; Sun. 2 and 5 p.m.

little, school or otherwise

Jack and Jill Players, room 1422, Kimball Hall, 306 s. Wabash av. (WA 2-0317). "Our Town," beginning June 8, every Tue. in June, 7:30 p.m.

Showcase Theater, 1716 Central st., Evanston (DA 8-7440). "See How They Run." Nightly, except Mon., 8:30.

Starcradle Theater, 2348½ n. Clark st. (LI 9-4799). "Skylark," Wed. thru Sun. at 8:30 p.m. Opens June 9.

summer theater

with notes on driving time and dining

Chevy Chase, Chevy Chase Country Club, Milwaukee av., Wheeling (BR 4-6060). June 22-27, "Papa Is All." June 29 thru July 4, "Angel Street." Nightly, except Mon., 8:30. Mat. Wed. & Sun., 2:30. An hour from Loop. For dining, Chevy Chase Dining Room.

East Eden, Lincoln & Touhy av., Lincolnwood. June 8-20, "Streetcar Named Desire." June 22 thru July 4, "Bell, Book and Candle." Nightly except Mon., 8:30. Half an hour from Loop. For dining, House of Pierre, next door.

Drury Lane, 97th & Western (HI 5-2666). June 18 thru July 4. Margaret O'Brien in "Jenny Kissed Me." Nightly, except Mon., 8:30. Mat. Sun. 3 p.m. 45 min. from Loop. For dining, the Martinique next door.

Michiana Theater, Michiana Shores, Ind. (Michigan City 2-3912). Opening June 30. Nightly Wed. thru Sun. at 8:30. A good 2 hrs. from Loop. For dining, the Italian Village.

Music Theater, west of Glencoe on County Line rd. between Edens hwy. & Skokie hwy., Highland Park (BR 4-7447 or Glencoe 931). June 11-24, "Oklahoma." June 25 thru July 8, "Call Me Madam." Nightly 8:30. 45 min. from Loop. For dining, Villa Moderne next door.

Salt Creek, First & Garfield, Hinsdale (BI 2-1492 or Hins. 30). May 31-June 13, Jack Palance in "Dark of the Moon." Begins June 14, Charles Coburn in "You Can't Take It With You." 8:30 p.m. Mon.-Sat., mats. 2:15, Wed. & Sat. 1 hr. from Loop. Dine at Fredens.

Shady Lane, Marengo (Marengo 925). June 15-20, "For Love or Money." June 22-27, "The Time of the Cuckoo." June 29 thru July 4, "Gigi." Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. 90 min. from Loop. For dining, Shady Lane Farm.

Tenthouse, Highland Park (HI 2-1160). June 11-20, "Four Poster." June 22-27, "A Streetcar Named Desire." June 29 thru July 4, "Gigi." Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. 50 min. from Loop.

Tower Ranch, Rhinelander, Wis. (Eagle River 308F33). June 15-20, "Arms and the Man." June 22-29, tentatively, "Years Ago." Nightly, except Mon., 8:30. A day's trip.

DANCE

New York City Ballet, Opera House, 20 n. Wacker dr. (FI 6-0270). Thru June 6, nightly at 8:30, mat. Sat. & Sun. at 2:30 p.m.

OF SPECIAL INTEREST

57th Street Art Fair, 57th st. between Kenwood & Kimbark avs. (DO 3-8011 or HU 8-1364). June 5-6.

Old Town Holiday Arts & Crafts Fair, Lincoln Park West, 1800 block (MO 4-7346). June 12-13, in case of rain June 19-20.

"Sokol Slet" Gymnastic Festival, Soldier Field, s. Lake Shore dr. & e. 14th st. (HA 7-5252). June 27, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Zion Passion Play, Zion. Every Sun. in June, 3 p.m.

FLOWER SHOWS

Garfield Park Conservatory, 300 n. Central Park (HA 7-5252). Hawthorne Spring Flower Show, June 5-6, 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. Fifth District Regional Peonie Show, Amer. Peony Soc., June 12-13, 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. Delphinium Soc. Flower Show, June 26-27, 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.

SALT CREEK
Summer Theater
2 Weeks Beginning May 31
JACK PALANCE
star of "Shane" and "Sudden Fear" in
DARK OF THE MOON
Nights, Mon. thru Sat. 8:30
Matinees, Wed. & Sat. 2:15
BI 2-1492 or Hinsdale 30

June 14—Charles Coburn in "You Can't Take It with You"

MUSIC

Art Inst. School Glee Club, Blackstone Hall, Michigan at Adams (CE 6-7080). June 2 and 6, 3:15 p.m.

Austin High School Chorus, Orchestra Hall, 220 s. Michigan av. (HA 7-0362). June 7, 8 p.m.

Grant Park Symphony Orch., Grant Park band shell, foot of 11th st. (HA 7-5252). Free outdoor concerts each Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun., 8 to 10 p.m. June 23 and 25, Nicolai Malko conducting, violinist Mischa Elman soloist. June 26 and 27, Harry Carlson and Malko conducting, with the Swedish Choral Club. June 30 and July 2, Malko conducting, pianist Leonard Pennario soloist.

Illinois Bell Chorus, Orchestra Hall, 220 s. Michigan av. (HA 7-0362). June 4, 8 p.m.

Moody Bible Inst. Choir, Orchestra Hall, 220 s. Michigan av. (HA 7-0362). June 10, 8 p.m.

Northwestern Univ., Evanston (UN 4-1900). Chamber music series, Lutkin Hall, University pl. at Orrington av., every Mon. from June 21 to July 6, 8:15 p.m.; series subscription sale ends June 21. Band concerts, Deering meadow, Sheridan rd., June 23 and 30, 7 p.m., free.

Ravinia Festival, Ravinia Park, Green Bay rd., Highland Park (ST 2-9696). Chicago Symphony Orchestra, guest conductors and soloists, each Tues., Thurs., Sat., 8:30 p.m. and Sun. 4 p.m. William Steinberg, conductor of Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, guest conductor first week. June 29, opening concert. July 1 and 4 pianist Leon Fleisher soloist. July 3, violinist Michael Rabin soloist.

ART EXHIBITS

Art Institute, Michigan av. at Adams st. (CE 6-7080). 14th Annual Exhibition, Society for Contemporary American Art, e. wing galleries, June 2-20. Joseph Winterbotham collection of European paintings, e. wing galleries, June 2-20. Robert Doisneau, satirical and humorous photographs, gallery 5B, thru July 1. Contemporary Chinese paintings by Ma Shou-Hua, gallery H9, thru July 4. Daily 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., Sun. noon to 5 p.m. Free Wed., Sat., Sun., holidays.

Chicago Public Library, art dept., Michigan av. between Randolph & Washington sts. (CE 6-5821). Architecture by Philip B. Maher. Ceramics by Jane Young. Weekdays 9 a.m to 9 p.m., Sat. 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. Free.

Inst. of Design, Ill. Inst. of Tech., 632 n. Dearborn st. (DE 7-4688). Momentum exhibit: oils, water colors, sculpture, ceramics by independent professional and amateur artists from 18 Midwestern states. June 1-23. Weekdays only, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Mandel Bros. Galleries, 8th fl., 1 n. State st. (ST 2-1500, ext. 893). Paintings and drawings by Ernest Dreyfuss. Photography by Robert Schiller jr. Sculpture by Rudolph Seno and Donald Seiden. Weekdays 9:15 a.m. to 5:45 p.m., Mon. and Thurs. 9:15 a.m. to 8:45 p.m.

Adele Lawson Galleries, Palmer House, 3rd fl., 119 s. State st. (FR 2-0790). Recent works of David Segel, June 4-30.

Swiss Chalet Galleries, Bismarck hotel, 171 w. Randolph st. (CE 6-0123). Swedish artists of Chicago.

Design Center, 2360 e. 71st st. (FA 4-2365). Contemporary jewelry, ceramics and furniture. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., Mon. and Thurs. to 9:30 p.m.

Renaissance Society, Univ. of Chicago, 108 Goodspeed hall, 1010 e. 59th st. (MI 3-0800, ext. 1218). Paintings, drawings, prints and sculpture by members. Mon. thru Fri. 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Todros Geller Gallery, Board of Jewish Educ., 72 e. 11th st. (HA 7-5570). Sun. thru Thurs. 11 a.m. to 10 p.m., Fri. 11 a.m. to 4 p.m., Sat. 6 p.m. to 10 p.m.

Artists Equity, 1020 Art Center, 1020 Lake Shore dr. (SU 7-2959). Paintings, prints, sculpture, for rent at reasonable monthly rates. Tues. thru Sat., noon to 6 p.m., Sun. 2 to 5 p.m.

Arts Club, 109 e. Ontario st. (SU 7-3997). Recent graphic works by Joán Miro. Paintings and murals by José Guerrero, thru June 15. Daily 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

Newman Brown Gallery, 15 e. Grand av. (WH 4-4088). John Fabion, thru June 4. Daily 3 to 9 p.m., Sat. noon to 6 p.m.

Chicago Soc. of Artists, 613 n. State st. (DE 7-5637). Work by members. Daily 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Allan Frumkin Gallery, 152 e. Superior st. (SU 7-0564). Sculpture by Germaine Richier, first American showing, thru June 12. Review of the season beginning June 14. Mon. thru Sat. 11 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Palette & Chisel Academy, 1012 n. Dearborn (DE 7-9889). 59th annual exhibition of oils. Daily 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Main Street Gallery, Main Street book store, 642 n. Michigan av. (SU 7-6600). Paintings, drawings, gravure by contemporary European artists. Mon. thru Fri. 9 a.m. to 9 p.m., Sat. 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Elizabeth Nelson Galleries, 109 e. Oak st. (SU 7-6994). New paintings by Clinton King, thru June 14. Mon. thru Sat. 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

Frank J. Oehlschlaeger, 107 e. Oak st. (SU 7-6779). Group exhibitions by American artists. Daily 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

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CHICAGO EVANSTON OAK PARK EVERGREEN GARY JOLIET ALTON

Wells Design & Ceramic Center, 1655 n. Wells st. (MO 4-0461). Ceramics and ceramic processes: wheel demonstration by Charlotte Aronson, photographs of processes by Lenore Florsheim. Mon. thru Fri. 2 to 8 p.m., Wed. and Sat. 2 to 5 p.m.

Evanston Art Center, 800 Greenwood, Evanston (GR 5-5310). Annual exhibition, members of North Shore Camera club, June 6-20. Tues. thru Sat. 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., Sun. 3 to 5 p.m.

Leonard Linn Galleries, 821 Chestnut ct., Winnetka (WI 6-3736). Water colors by John Stenvall. Sculpture by Stephen Burr. Mon. thru Sat. 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. Open house, first Sun. monthly.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

with attention to June features

Adler Planetarium, Roosevelt rd. at lake front (WA 2-1428). June show: "The Sun and the Eclipses." Daily 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., Tues. and Fri. 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. Shows Mon. thru Sat. 11 a.m. and 3 pm.; Tues. and Fri. 8 p.m.; Sun. 2 and 3:30 p.m. Free Wed., Sat. & Sun.

Chicago Academy of Sciences, 2001 n. Clark st. (LI 9-0606). Natural history exhibits pertaining to the area. Daily 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free.

Chicago Historical Soc., Clark st. & North av. (MI 2-4600). Current exhibit: Coins and Currency in Chicago, 1833-1953. Weekdays 9:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.; Sun. and holidays 12:30 to 5:30 p.m. Free weekdays.

Natural History Museum, Roosevelt rd. & Lake Shore dr. (WA 2-9410). Chicago Lapidary club: handcrafted gems and jewelry. Permanent exhibits in anthropology, botany, geology, zoology. Daily 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. Free Thurs., Sat., Sun.

Chicago Public Library, Michigan av. between Randolph & Washington sts. (CE 6-5821). Randolph st. corridor: Chicago Area Camera clubs' small print salon. Music dept.: Mu Phi Epsilon exhibit. Weekdays 9 a.m. to 9 p.m., Sat. 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. Free.

John Crerar Library, 86 e. Randolph st. (AN 3-6660). History of science, technology and medicine. Mon. 9:30 a.m. to 9 p.m., Tues.-Sat. 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

Library of Internatl. Relations, 351 e. Ohio st. (SU 7-7928). Film-lecture: Africa. June 9, 16, 23; 8:15 p.m.

George F. Harding Museum, 4853 Lake Park av. (KE 6-0008). Medieval armor and arms, medieval and contemporary art. Daily 1 to 5 p.m., except Mon. & Sat. Free. Closed for summer after June 27.

Museum of Science & Industry, 57th st. & South Shore dr. (MU 4-1414). Opening in mid-June: Story of Nutrition, sponsored by Swift and Co. Hundreds of permanent exhibits relating to science and industry. Weekdays 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; Sun. and holidays 9:30 a.m. to 7 p.m. Free; except coal mine, Nickelodeon, & Microworld.

Oriental Institute, 1155 e. 58th st. (MI 3-0800, ext. 2645). Cultural objects from ancient Near Eastern countries. Weekdays 10 a.m. to noon, 1 to 5 p.m., except Mon.; Sun. 1 to 5 p.m. Free.

Shedd Aquarium, Roosevelt rd. at Lake front (WE 9-4681). 10,000 specimens of live fish. Daily 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free Thurs., Sat., Sun.

SPORTS

baseball

Cubs, Wrigley Field, Clark & Addison sts. (BU 1-5050). Vs. St. Louis, June 1; Pittsburgh, June 2 (ladies' day), 3; Brooklyn, June 4, 5, 6; Philadelphia, June 8, 9, 10 (ladies' day); New York, June 11, 12, 13 (double header); Milwaukee at Milwaukee, June 29 (night game), 30. Afternoon games 1:30 p.m.

White Sox, Comiskey Park, w. 35th st. & s. Shields av. (WA 4-1000). Vs. Philadelphia, June 15 (night), 16, 17; New York, June 18 (night), 19, 20 (double header); Washington, June 22 (night), 23, 24; Boston, June 25 (night), 26, 27 (double header); Detroit, June 29 (night), 30. Game time 1:30 and 8:30 p.m.

golf

Qualifying, U. S. Open, Twin Orchard Country Club, Prairie View (ST 2-7485). June 7.

Women's Western Open, Glen Flora Country Club, Waukegan (ST 2-7485). June 14-19.

Western Junior, Univ. of Ill. Golf Course, Urbana (ST 2-7485). June 15-18.

Qualifying, U. S. Public Links, Glenwoodie Golf Course, Rt. 83 and State rd., Glenwood; and White Pines Golf Course, Church rd., Bensenville (ST 2-7485). June 18.

Illinois PGA Championship, Sportsman Country Club, Dundee rd., Northbrook (ST 2-7485). June 21.

Illinois State Women's, Quincy Country Club, Quincy (ST 2-7485).

Illinois State Amateur (Men's), Urbana Golf Course & Country Club, Urbana (ST 2-7485). June 22-26.

Western Seniors, Blue Mound Golf Course, Milwaukee (ST 2-7485). June 24-25.

U. S. Public Links Playoff for Team Places, Glenwoodie Golf Course, Glenwood (ST 2-7485). June 25.

Cook County Women's, Jackson Park Golf Course, in Jackson Park (ST 2-7485). June 29 thru July 1.

harness racing

Maywood Park, 8600 w. on North av. (ST 2-0555). Thru June 19. Post time 8:30 p.m.

Chicago Downs, Sportsman's Park, 3301 s. Laramie, Cicero (BI 2-1121). Opening June 21. Post time 8:30 p.m.

horse racing

Lincoln Fields, Crete (Crete 4241). Thru June 23.

Arlington Park, Arlington Heights (CL 3-0621 or HA 7-3181) Opening June 24.

yachting

Eight Mile Buoy Race, Columbia Yacht club, foot of e. Washington st. at Lake front (AN 3-8111). June 13.

Michigan City Race, Columbia Yacht club, foot of e. Washington st. at lake front (AN 3-8111). June 19.

Michigan City to Chicago Race, Burnham Park Yacht Club, 1500 s. Linn White (WE 9-9400). June 20.

Chicago to Waukegan Race, Waukegan Yacht Club (ON 2-9303 or MA 4-8188). June 26.

Waukegan to Chicago Race, Chicago Yacht Club, foot of e. Monroe st. at lake front (ST 2-9245). June 27.

horse shows

South Shore Country Club, 71st st. and So. Shore dr. (HY 3-8000). June 18, 7:30 p.m., formal opening. June 19, 9 a.m., children's classes; 1 p.m., adult classes. June 20, noon, adult classes; 7 p.m., final stake.

Oak Brook Polo Club, 31st st. & Salt Creek, Hinsdale (Hinsdale 3212). Saddle, hunter, jumper and Arabian classes. June 11-13, beginning at 9 a.m.

polo

Oak Brook Polo Club, Internat'l Fields, Hinsdale (Hins. 3212). Sundays, 3 p.m.

stock car and midget auto racing

Chicago Auto Racing Assn., Soldier Field, s. Lake Store dr. & e. 14th st. (HA 7-8677). June 4, 6, 11, 13, 20, 25, 27. Time trials 6:30 p.m., races 8:30 p.m.

Midget Auto Racing Assn., Soldier Field, s. Lake Store dr. & e. 14th st. (HA 7-8677). June 18. Time trials 6:30 p.m., races 8:30 p.m.

DINING OUT

with entertainment and/or dancing

Balinese Room, Blackstone, 636 s. Michigan av. (HA 7-4300). The trios of Hal Otis or George Metz provide music for dining and dancing in this pleasant spot. Noon til 1 a.m. Sat. til 2 a.m.

Black Orchid, Rush at Ontario st. (MO 4-6666). Showcase for some of the freshest talent in show business. 5 p.m. to 4 a.m. Shows from 9:30 p.m.

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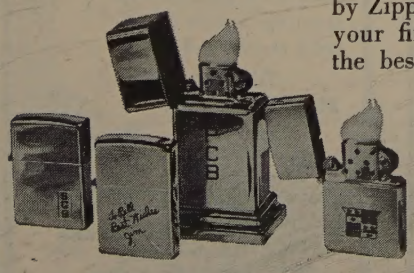

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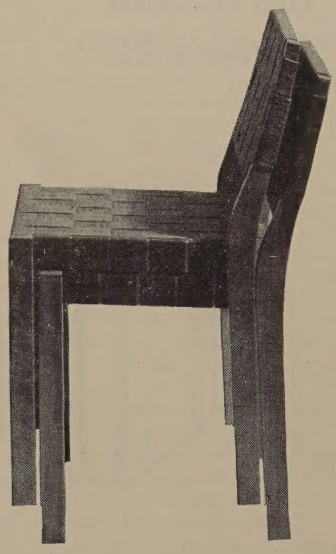

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Blue Angel, 801 Rush st. (SU 7-5060). Calypso shows, and a Monday Night Sing Along. 5 p.m. to 4 a.m. Shows 9:30 p.m., midnight, 2 a.m.

The Buttery, Ambassador West, n. State st. at Goethe st. (SU 7-7200). Ralph Rodgers' Latin-American group beat out the rhythms for dancing in this elegant little room. Noon to 2 a.m., dancing after 9.

Camellia House, Drake Hotel, Lake Shore dr. at Michigan av. (SU 7-2200). Superb French cuisine and Jimmy Blade's music. Noon to 3 p.m., 6 p.m. to 1 a.m.

Chez Paree, 610 Fairbanks ct. (DE 7-3434). Open evenings til 4 a.m. Shows 8:30 p.m. and 12:15 a.m., late show Fri. & Sat. 2:15 a.m.

College Inn Porterhouse, Sherman Hotel, Randolph and Clark sts. (FR 2-2100). Chuck wagon stew or prime steaks. Ray Blanco, guitarist. Noon to 1 a.m.

Empire Room, Palmer House, State and Monroe sts. (RA 6-7500, for reservations ask for Fritz). Jose Greco and dancers beginning June 2. 6 p.m. to 2 a.m. Shows 8:30 p.m. and midnight.

Glass Hat, Congress Hotel, 500 s. Michigan av. (HA 7-3800). Chef Amato Ferrero, Wayne Muir and his "Glass Hatters" all make dining and dancing here a pleasure. 5:30 p.m. to 2 a.m.

The Glass House, Graemere Hotel, 3400 w. Washington blvd. (VA 6-7600). Johnny Gilbert's music for dancing. 11 a.m. to 2 a.m., Sat. to 3 a.m.

Lotus Room, La Salle Hotel, La Salle and Madison sts. (FR 2-0700). Tropical flowers and Charlie Agnew's band. 11:30 a.m. to 1 a.m., dancing after 9:30.

Marine Dining Room, Edgewater Beach Hotel, 5349 n. Sheridan rd. (LO 1-6000). Spacious and beautiful, with good food and shows. Open to 2 a.m. Shows at 8:30, 11 p.m., Sats. 9 p.m., midnight.

The Pump Room, Hotel Ambassador East, n. State st. at Goethe st. (SU 7-7200). Dine a la flaming sword in this celebrity-society spot. David Le Winter and orchestra play for dancing. Noon to 2 a.m.

Swiss Chalet, Bismarck Hotel, 171 w. Randolph st. (CE 6-0123). In a modern Alpine setting, the violin of Endre Ocskay, backed by his fine orchestra. Noon to 1 a.m. No cabaret tax.

DINING OUT

with atmosphere

Barney's Market Club, 741 w. Market st. (AN 3-9795). Steak and lobsters are favorites at this popular landmark. 11:30 a.m. to 4 a.m.

Berghoff's, 17 w. Adams st. (HA 7-3170). Corned beef and cabbage, Thuringer sausage and other fine German dishes. 11:30 a.m. to 9:30 p.m. Closed Sundays.

Binyon's, 327 s. Plymouth ct. (WE 9-8498). This tavern-like eating place has a good German menu. 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. Closed Sun.

A Bit of Sweden, 1015 n. Rush st. (DE 7-1492). Bountiful smorgasbord in a bright little room lined with copper pots. 5:30 to 9:30 p.m.

Blackhawk Restaurant, 139 n. Wabash av. (RA 6-2822). Don Roth's prime rib palace. Candle-light Lounge for cocktails. 11 a.m. to 12:30 a.m.

Boston Oyster House, Hotel Morrison, 79 w. Madison st. (FR 2-9600). Quiet colonial surroundings in the middle of the Loop. 11 a.m. to 11 p.m.

Cafe Bohemia, 138 S. Clinton st. (AN 3-8310). Bohemian dishes and seasonal game. 11:30 a.m. to midnight. Closed Sun.

Cafe de Paris, 1260 n. Dearborn pkwy. (WH 4-5620). Delectable French fare in a gay Gallic setting. 5 to 11 p.m.

The Cameo, 115 e. Walton pl. (SU 7-1200). Decorative diners and dinners. Noon to 1 a.m.

Cape Cod Room, Drake Hotel, Lake Shore dr. at Michigan av. (SU 7-2200). Possibly the finest sea food in town. Noon to midnight.

Don the Beachcomber, 101 e. Walton pl. (SU 7-8812). Here's how to take a short trip to the tropics without leaving home. Exotic rum-base drinks and Cantonese cuisine. 4 p.m. to 1 a.m.

Emerald Room, Graemere Hotel, 3400 w. Washington blvd. (VA 6-7600). West Siders favor this emerald and ivory room. 7 a.m. to 8:30 p.m.

Erie Cafe, 658 n. Wells st. (WH 4-9101). Seven-inch steaks. 7 a.m. to 2 a.m. Closed Sundays.

Gibby's, 192 n. Clark st. (AN 3-8181). Theater-goers are a large percentage of the trade here. Choice dinners and late snacks. 11 a.m. to 2 a.m.

Harlequin Room, Palmolive bldg., 919 n. Michigan av. (DE 7-0606). Fred Harvey food in a striking modern setting. 11.30 a.m. to midnight. Sundays, 11:30 a.m. to 9 p.m.

Henrici's, 71 w. Randolph st. (DE 2-1800). Popular since 1868 for good and generous cooking. 8 a.m. to 1 a.m.

Hoe Sai Gai, 85 w. Randolph st. (AN 3-6474). Chinatown in the Loop. 11 a.m. to 2 a.m.

Ireland's 632 n. Clark st. (DE 7-2020). The city's oldest sea food restaurant. 11:30 a.m. to 2 a.m.

Isbell's, 940 n. Rush st. (DE 7-3500). Popular with Near North Siders. 11 a.m. to 3 a.m.

Kungsholm, 100 e. Ontario st. (WH 4-2700). Smorgasbord is a ritual in this elegant show place. Reservations are necessary for the extraordinary puppet opera in the miniature theater. 11:30 a.m. to 10 p.m.

Jacques', 900 n. Michigan av. DE 7-9040). Continental foods and select wines in a light-hearted French atmosphere. Noon to 11 p.m.

Jules', 814 w. 71st st. (AB 4-1652). Famous "hand me down" French and Creole recipes receive careful attention

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here. Noon to 12:30 a.m. Closed Tues.

L'Aiglon, 22 e. Ontario st. (DE 7-6070). A charming Victorian mansion where French dishes and Southern-style sea food head the menu. Noon to midnight.

London House, 360 n. Michigan av. (AN 3-6920). Gathering place for advertising, radio and TV personnel. 7:30 a.m. to 1 a.m.

Pompeian Lounge, Congress hotel, 520 s. Michigan av. (HA 7-3800). Open for luncheon 11 a.m. to 1 p.m., for cocktails in the evening.

Rib Room, Edgewater Beach hotel, 5300 n. Sheridan rd. (LO 1-6000). Devoted to serving the best in beef any way you like it. For men only, noon to 2:30 p.m.; ladies welcome 2:30 to 2 a.m.

Riccardo's 437 n. Rush st. (WH 4-8815). This Italian specialty spot has changing exhibits of paintings by Midwestern artists. 11:30 a.m. to 4 a.m.

St. Hubert's Grill, 316 s. Federal st. (WE 9-8770). Jolly Old English surroundings and red coated waiters. Noon to midnight.

Stock Yards Inn, 42nd & Halsted sts. (YA 7-5580). The Sirloin Room is "where a steak is born." There's also the Matador Room. 11 a.m. to 10 p.m.

Well of the Sea, Sherman Hotel, Clark & Randolph sts. (FR 2-2100). Sea food and sea life dominate the **menu and** decor. Noon to 1 a.m.

DINING OUT

well worth the drive

Allgauer's Fireside, 7200 Lincoln av., Lincolnwood (JU 8-8600) and **Allgauer's,** 6666 Ridge av. (BR 4-6666). At either restaurant, a wide selection of excellent dishes. 11:30 a.m. to 3 a.m.

Anderson's, 109 s. 5th av., Maywood (FI 3-9576). Where local gentry and friends meet. 10 a.m. to 8 p.m.

Baker Dining Room, Hotel Baker, St. Charles (St. Charles 2100). Fine Fox River valley-grown food. 11:30 a.m. to 8:30 p.m.

Behm's, Milwaukee av. (Rt. 21), Wheeling (Wheeling 111). As friendly as an old-fashioned family gathering. Noon to 10:30 p.m.

The Chalet, Waukegan rd. near County Line, Northbrook (Northbrook 135). Geschnetzlets with spaetzle are fascinating. Weekdays 4 p.m. to midnight. Sat. 5 p.m. to 1 a.m. Sun. 12:30 p.m. to midnight.

Czech Lodge, 2519 s. Des Plaines av., North Riverside (RI 7-9786). After a day at Brookfield Zoo, this is the place. 5 p.m. to 10 p.m.

The Evergreens, 203 n. 8th st. (Rt. 31) W. Dundee (Dundee 958). Sometimes crowded, but worth a short wait for a table. Noon to midnight except Sat., noon to 1 a.m.

The Fredens, 5800 s. Madison av., Hinsdale (Hinsdale 349). Beautifully landscaped outside, scores of good things to eat inside. Noon to 8:30 p.m.

The Greenhouse, North av. and Lake st., Elmhurst (Elmhurst 5153). Dinner in the conservatory. Noon to 9 p.m.

Al Knapp's, 1052 Indianapolis blvd. (U. S. 20), Roby, Ind. (Whiting 1570). A shirt sleeve atmosphere. Sea food, lake perch or steaks, all with generous side dishes. Noon to 11 p.m. Closed Sundays.

The Little Traveler, 404 s. 3rd st., Geneva (Geneva 3200). A charming gift shop and tea room. Weekdays, 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. Closed Sundays.

Klas' Restaurant, 5734 w. Cermak rd., Cicero (OL 2-0759). A substantial bit of old Bohemia. 11:30 a.m. to 2 a.m.

The Milk Pail, e. River rd. (State 25), near East Dundee (Elgin 5112). A fine stop for countryside explorers and lovers of fish, fowl, game and country foods. 11 a.m. to 8 p.m.

Mill Race Inn, 4 e. State st., Geneva (Geneva 2030). Down by the old mill stream, on the site of a blacksmith shop, with the mill adjoining. 11:45 a.m. to 8 p.m.

The Old Barn, State rd. at 82nd st., Oaklawn (Oaklawn 333). Reservations are a must, but the food is worth judicious planning. Noon to midnight.

Old Spinning Wheel, 421 Ogden av. (U. S. 34), Hinsdale (Hinsdale 80). If you like American antiques, seek out this charming log cabin. Noon to 8 p.m.

Plentywood Farm, Church rd., Bensenville (Bensenville 250). Ample and appetizing fare here. Noon to 8 p.m.

Phil Smidt and Son, 1205 n. Calumet av., Hammond, Ind. (Whiting 25 or 26). So popular you might have a long wait here on Friday night or Sunday. Weekdays 11:45 a.m. to 11 p.m. Sun. 1:30 to 10:30 p.m.

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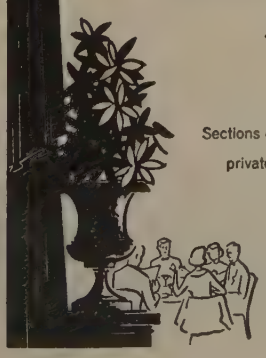

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Swedish Tea Room, 11 n. 5th st., Geneva (Geneva 4144). Smorgasbord and Swedish dishes. 11:45 a.m. to 8 p.m.

Vogel's, 1250 Indianapolis blvd. (U. S. 20), Whiting, Ind. (Whiting 1250). Perch fresh from the Lakes are the house specialty. 11 a.m. to midnight.

Wenzlaff's, Milwaukee av. (U. S. 45), Wheeling (Wheeling 129). The menu ooes from Wiener schnitzel to whitefish, with plenty in between. Noon to 10 p.m.

FOR THE CHILDREN

theater

Jack and Jill Players, Kimball Hall, 306 s. Wabash av. (WA 2-0317). Suite 1422, "Sunny," a children's operetta. Sat. June 5 and 12, 3 p.m. Suite 1230, "Little Women," June 4, 5, 6, 11, 12, 13, 18, 19, 20, 25, 26, 27. Fri. & Sat. at 7:30 p.m.; Sun. at 3:30 p.m.

art exhibits

Benedict Art Gallery, Hull House, 800 s. Halsted st. (MO 6-6005). Craft exhibit by Hull House children, June 11-30. Mon. thru Fri., 9 a.m. to 7 p.m.; Sat. & Sun., 6 to 10 p.m.

Kimball Hall, North Gallery, 306 s. Wabash av. (WE 9-6450). Arts and crafts from Chicago Boys' Clubs, June 1-25, Mon. thru Sat., 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

camping

Day camps for children aged 7 to 12 are operated in more than 35 parks by the Park District. Moderate fees are charged to cover cost of materials, milk and special trips. For information call your local park. Camps open July 6. Children should be registered the previous week.

SPORTS

archery

Robin Hood Tournament, Jackson Pk., June 20, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

fishing

Children under 16 require no license to fish in park lagoons (state fish and game laws apply to persons 16 or over who fish there). Lagoons are stocked with largemouth bass, crappies, bullheads and bluegills. During the season, Apr. 1 to Nov. 1, fishing is permitted from the banks of the lagoons but not from boats, landings, piers or bridges. City-wide contest for boys and girls under 16 will take place in August. The following parks have lagoons: Jackson, Washington, Sherman, Columbus, Douglas, Garfield, Humboldt, Marquette, McKinley and Lincoln.

golf

Boy's Open Tournament, So. Shore Country Club, 7059 So. Shore dr. (for information, ST 2-7485). June 29 and 30.

softball

City-wide championships, jr. boys, Sat., June 19, 10 a.m.; jr. girls, Sat., June 19, 10 a.m. Locations to be determined. For information call your local park or Pk. Dist. admin. bldg. (HA 7-5252).

tennis

Ill. State Jr. Tourn., Beverly Hills Tennis Club, 9121 s. Hamilton, (CE 3-9746). June 28-July 4.

Jr. Centers Tourn. Finals, River Forest Tennis Club, 615 Lathrop (FO 9-7270). Boys and girls under 18, winners of city and suburban jr. centers tourn. June 24-25.

track and field

City-wide championship meets, midget and jr. boys, Douglas Pk. Playfield, 19th & Albany sts., Fri., June 11, 6 p.m.; jr. girls, Douglas Pk., Wed., June 9; rain date, June 10, 5 p.m.

ZOOS

Brookfield, 14 miles west of the Loop in Brookfield, Ill. (HU 5-0263). Includes children's zoo. Daily 10 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. Free Thurs., Sat., Sun. and holidays; other days 30c.

Hawthorn Mellody Farm, U. S. 21, Milwaukee av., 3 miles so. of Libertyville (city phone BE 5-5600). A farm zoo. Weekdays and Sun., 1 p.m. to 5. Free weekdays; Sun: adults 25c, children 10c.

Indian Boundary Pk., w. Lunt and n. Rockwell, (RO 4-7648). A small outdoor zoo always open.

Lincoln Pk., 2200 n. in Lincoln Pk. (LI 9-3009). Mammals, birds, reptiles. Daily 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Trailside Museum of Nat. Hist., 738 Thatcher rd., River Forest, in Thatcher's Woods forest preserve. (FO 9-6530). Local birds and animals. Open 10 a.m. to noon; 1 to 5 p.m. Closed Thurs.

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WEST OF THE WATER TOWER

"As far as I can see," said the young clubman, "there's nothing worth looking at, and nobody worth knowing, anywhere west of the Water Tower."

What Ever Became of Dianetics?

▪ Nudging the 1020 Art Center on Lake Shore drive is a turreted stone building that doubles as a rooming house and local headquarters of scientology. From the basement flat at 1040 Jerry Knowlton, a genial young man with a shaggy crew cut, superintends the movements of a study he has followed since its embryonic days as dianetics. He took time to expound on dianetics, scientology, and his connection with both, before a regular Sunday processing, or session of therapy, got under way. Several people were coming, he explained, group therapy being much favored by the founder of scientology, Lafayette Ron Hubbard.

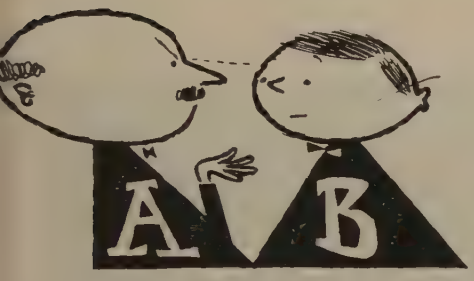
The central idea in this system of mental health, said Knowlton, is that "life is basically a non-moving static: the 'thetan' or soul of each person mirrors all experience and is a high-frequency generator of thought wave-patterns." By pursuing these waves back to very early painful experiences (all the way back to conception in some cases) the patient, or processee, obtains release and thus is cured. Self-treatment, however, is tedious; usually the subject is paired with a more advanced student, and mutual processing ensues.

"It's much more inclusive than dianetics," said Knowlton, the waves of his plaid jacket squiggling up and down as he paced. "New ideas are being added all the time." Hubbard himself disbanded his original dianetics school shortly after he published the definitive work in 1950. Scientology, Hubbard now feels, offers a broader base for dealing with personal problems.

Knowlton interrupted his account

to welcome a guest, both processor and processee, in the ample person of a college music teacher. She loomed into the room, greeted him jovially, lowered herself into a chair, and joined with interest in the conversation. Dianetics originally attracted her as a means of improving her memory, she said.

"Now I've got very good color imagery, and I'm working toward eidetic recall." (This is a faculty similar to photographic memory, including all the other senses as well).



▪ Knowlton was not disposed to demonstrate eidetic recall, but he did summon up a recollection of his first meeting with Hubbard. It was in 1947, when he was working in the East on a betatron project for General Electric. As a former physics student (University of Chicago) and amateur in science-fiction, he was familiar with such books of Hubbard's as *Final Blackout* and *Death's Deputy*.

"Some of the best," he murmured nostalgically.

Hubbard is a former civil engineer who had served in the navy during the war. The threat of atomic destruction set him brooding upon a way to survive, and he believed he discovered it in dianetics.

"Actually the idea goes back to Buddha and Pythagoras, and even earlier. The yogis knew about it too." Old as this idea is, Knowlton feels that Hubbard's formulation is masterful. He learned to audit (the same as process) from him, and after three training courses received a bachelor's degree in scientology, its later form, in 1952. Now he divides his time between therapy and occasional jobs (the last at Northwestern University).

There are at least three other groups and centers scattered thruout the city, and probably two to three hundred persons in treatment. Owing to the unique chain effect of scientology (whereby A co-audits with B, who in turn co-audits with C), the number increases rapidly. Fees range from nothing at all to five or ten dollars a session, which can last an hour or longer, if need be. "We often spend the whole afternoon and evening here," said Knowlton.

"He'd rather audit than eat," said the music teacher. At the mention of food, Mrs. Knowlton slipped quietly out of the background. She uncurled her legs from a rapt position at the end of the couch, shook out her blonde pony tail and got up to put a kettle on the stove. Her husband explained that she had married into scientology only last fall.

A medium-sized, dark-haired woman arrived at this point with her little boy. She had brought along some pralines for tea, and talk veered toward the dietetic in dianetics.

"I find that when I'm being processed I use a lot of energy," said the music teacher. "I've noticed that it affects my teeth."

"Depletes the calcium," replied the mother of the little boy, who was crayoning a picture book. "That's why Dr. Hubbard advises vitamins."

In England, she continued, where teachers were being trained in scientology, they found that processed children had fewer colds, almost no cavities, and some even stopped wearing glasses. "They've noticed an improvement in their I.Q., too."

▪ Great Britian is by no means the farthest outpost of this movement. Knowlton revealed centers as far away as Tel Aviv and Johannesburg, started by the peripatetic followers of Hubbard. Hubbard himself has just returned from a year and a half abroad, where he met with greater enthusiasm for his ideas than in this country.

"That's because Americans are afraid of anything to do with psychiatry," said the mother of the little boy, who was now blowing bubbles with Knowlton.

Did scientology, then, owe anything to psychiatry?

"Definitely," she said. "Horney and Rogers were on the right track, but they didn't go far enough." She did not elaborate; Knowlton spoke up.

"Freud put too much emphasis on sex, and those who came after him only made it worse."

▪ Were there any splinter groups in the movement? "Well, there's Dr. Winter [J. A. Winter, M.D., who wrote the introduction to *Dianetics* and later sold his practice in Michigan to do auditing in New York]. He's been restimulating birth and other trauma by using carbon dioxide and methedrine." Methedrine, he explained, was a preparation that lessened the sense of fatigue and produced a feeling of elation. "Hubbard doesn't believe in using drugs. They take away the person's self-determination."

"And then there's the Wichita group," ventured the music teacher. "They've become too structuralized."

Structuralization, an organizational hardening of the arteries, means a refusal to accept new findings and presents the greatest danger to the movement. That is why Hubbard is continually disbanding one group and forming another.

"He's not at all interested in building up his own power," said the mother of the little boy, who was fiddling with her purse.

▪ Neither she nor any of the others seemed particularly worried about defection among former supporters. Nor did they look upon their task as one of recruitment.

"Unless a person really wants to be processed, it won't do him any good," said the music teacher. She told of an Armenian faith healer who had attracted hundreds of followers at a Florida resort where she was staying a few years ago.

"People will sometimes show up like that, expecting miracles." She sighed.

"My, don't we sound conservative!" said the mother of the little boy, who came and put his head in her lap.

Bar-Side Report by a Blonde Whose Boy Friend Is a Public Relations Man:

▪ "Oh, Jim's not with Muscular Dystrophy any more. He got a much better deal with Cerebral Palsy."

Don't Try to Clark-Street Me

▪ Clark Street Mary has gone west to Wells and Eugenie streets. Her plaintive soprano and twanging guitar can be heard there above several decibels of barroom background in Slim Brundage's College of Complexes. But when Mary Frances Riley sings, she's back in the days when she toured Clark street from the bridge to North avenue. As she says in one of her songs:

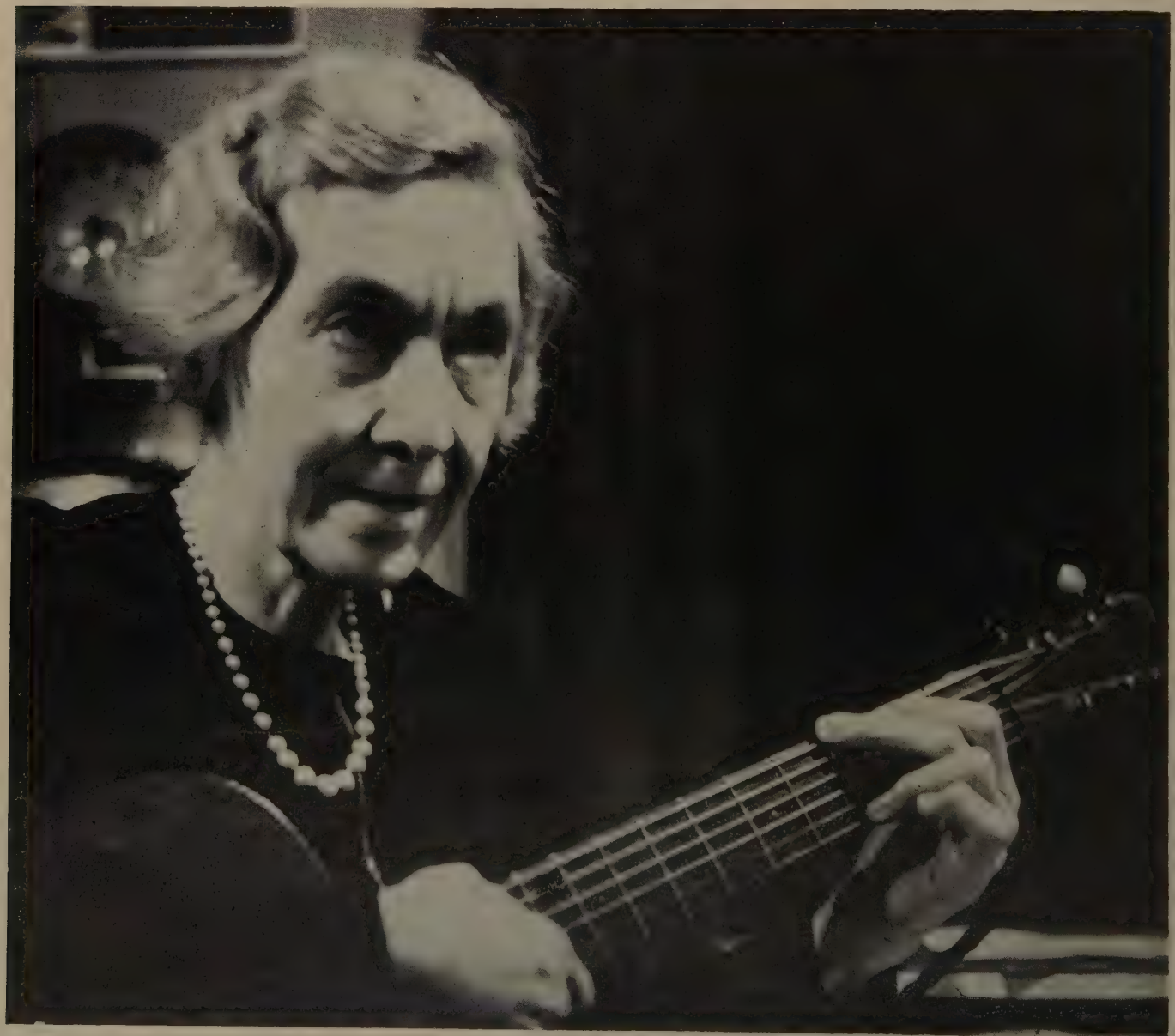
Just because I came from Clark street,
Don't think you're too good for me.
Honey, I remember when
You were eatin' now and then,
So don't try to Clark-street me.

Oh, you've played your little games
On Van Buren and Desplaines —
I can't forgive your inconsistency;
When Kelly threw you in the jail,
Who's the gal who went your bail?
So stop tryin' to Clark-street me.

Now you live on Lake Shore drive,
You forget that I'm alive;
I could spill the beans about your history —
Don't forget there was a time
When we bargained for a dime,
So don't try to Clark-street me.

To patrons of the College, a somewhat spurious blend of *brauhaus*, Bughouse Square, and student hideaway, Mary is a small, fragile, sandy-haired woman who sings there on Friday and Saturday nights. She's not usually listed on the program ("The Curriculum — Official Neurosis of the College of Complexes") which Brundage gets out in his loose-jointed prose. Mary is more like the house musician, playing to small groups of customers off on the side.

Photo by William Miller



Not long ago, tho, she gave a concert there, entitled "A Life of Song." Brundage billed her as a trouper of forty years. "He says that because it sounds good," Mary corrected. "It's thirty years."

▪ In those thirty years she has crossed the country playing banjo in the smaller vaudeville circuits ("It took me four months to get out of Cleveland"), done Swedish dialect comedy, narrated silent films to Chicago school children, run a sandwich shop on the Near North Side, and provided organ background for neighborhood funerals. Currently she is running a mending and alterations shop over on Lawler avenue.

The interior looks like an antique shop, with its soft red carpet and old highboy stacked with china and glass bric-a-brac. There's nothing to suggest alterations till you reach the back, where Mary lives, and see the racks of thread hanging from the wall. Mary is a great rummager and repairer. As a child in Salina, Kansas, she remembers walking along a country road with her father and asking, "Couldn't it be fixed?" of every broken wheel or splintered tool by the wayside.

She shares the place with four canaries and a dog. When Bridget, her female canary, began flying around the flat with bits of thread and cotton in her beak, Mary invested in a special strainer-like nest and strung it up on the water pipe where Bridget was roosting.

▪ Mary still has the banjo — tuned like a ukelele — that she began trouping with in 1924. "I played an arrangment of 'The Rosary' that was very popular," she recalls. Working east from San Francisco, she reached Chicago in 1933, and began impersonating a wide-eyed Swedish miss at the Sportsman's Club on Wilson avenue. To this day she can slip into her "Hilda Peterson" routine — minus only the pantaloons.

In mid-Depression she teamed up with Jimmy Kelly (not to be confused with the Kelly she often sings about), who ran a movie projector. Together they toured the public schools and settlement houses here, showing such films as *The Making of Twine and Rope, Alaskan Fisheries, American Sugar* and *Indiana Limestone.* Mary furnished the narration.

The other Kelly was the late sergeant of the Hudson avenue police station. She met him during the war after she had learned to play the guitar and was appearing in clubs along Clark street. "I'll never forget him," Mary says with feeling. "He'd pick up one of the girls, then walk along with her as easy as could be. Nobody would know he was taking her in."

▪ During the bus strike a few years ago Mary broke both wrists getting off a crowded streetcar. With the damages she collected she opened a sandwich shop on Clark near Schiller. "Every day I'd roast four or five chickens over the coal stove at home and then take them over in a little wagon. People still ask me about that roast chicken." The venture folded a few months later when, according to Mary, a near-by shopkeeper spread scurrilous rumors about her standards of sanitation.

Behavior like this doesn't surprise Mary. She has always allowed for the jealous and predatory in human nature. Maybe that accounts for the persimmony taste of some of her lyrics, as in "New Fool in Town":

There's a brand-new stranger in our midst,
Now ain't we glad he's here!
For a long time we've been waiting
For a gold mine to appear.

When he came to Chicago,
He got on a Clark street car;
He got off at Clark and Erie,
And the gals yelled, "Here we are!"

Chorus: New fool in town, new fool in town,
New fool arrived the other day;
New fool in town, new fool in town,
He's a playboy, so play him all the way!

Now and then Mary thinks she'd like to open another sandwich shop. But she has other irons in the fire — singing out at Great Lakes, perhaps, or writing her autobiography. Mary doesn't put too much stock in her old press clippings; she's inclined to feel the best is yet to come. "After all," she says thoughtfully, "Toscanini's pretty old, and Marian Anderson's no chicken."

TIME CAPSULE

25 YEARS AGO: June, 1929, was a month of tremendous building activity with much of the present skyline taking form. The **Palmolive** and **Daily News** buildings were opened, and the permit was issued for construction of the **Merchandise Mart** . . . The city council debated whether or not to buy a talking picture projector so that movies in that new medium could be censored . . . A horse named Windy City gladdened the hearts of the town's turf fans by winning the 21st running of the **American Derby** at Washington Park at odds of 14 to 1.

50 YEARS AGO: In June, 1904, the **Putnam Clothing House** in the Loop was advertising Hart, Schaffner and Marx men's suits for $15 . . . **Levi Z. Leiter,** one of the city's pioneer merchants and civic leaders, died at his summer home at Bar Harbor, Me., at the age of 70. He and **Marshall Field** had been cofounders of Field, Leiter and Co., the predecessor of Marshall Field and Co. . . . The practice of refusing to rent apartments to families with children was spreading from the wealthy to the poorer sections of town and creating a serious housing problem . . . The Republican national convention met at the Coliseum and renominated President **Theodore Roosevelt.** Sen. Charles W. Fairbanks of Indiana was chosen as his running mate.

75 YEARS AGO: Chicago's three public high schools, Chicago, North Division and South Division, awarded diplomas to 178 seniors in June, 1879 . . . The city council passed an ordinance providing for conversion of Michigan avenue into a boulevard . . . Walking races, otherwise known as pedestrianism, were a favorite sports attraction. In a four-day, 75-hour match in the Exposition building at Michigan and Adams, Chicago's **Daniel O'Leary** plodded 250 miles to eclipse the English champion, Peter Crossland, who was able to step off only 225 . . . The **Democrats** swept the county judicial election, winning all five seats on the Circuit court . . . An anonymous crank wrote to Mayor **Carter Harrison** to inform him that the Socialistic Labor party and the Communists planned to destroy the city on the Fourth of July. He said their evil designs included poisoning all the policemen on the force on the pretense of buying them drinks, and "killing everybody except the Irish."

Photos by William Miller

Gambit-to-Check in Four Years

▪ There is a man in town who is buying something without knowing whether it will cost him hundreds or thousands of dollars; without any idea when he will get it — maybe two years, maybe four; with no exact idea of what it will look like, and without even any firm decision as to what it will be made of.

The purchaser in this hyperbolic transaction is a man named Raymond J. Wielgus, who is not mad nor even eccentric. Wielgus has commissioned John Kearney, an artist and artisan in precious metals, to make a set of chessmen — the Blacks to be a 13th Century European army made of oxidized silver, and the Whites an Oriental horde in gold. Wielgus will wait patiently for two years, and, if need be, impatiently for twice that long, and ultimately will pay Kearney a large amount which neither of them, at this early date, can estimate.

▪ So far, eight pawns and two knights are finished, all Blacks. The pawns are 6½ inches tall, the knights 9 inches. Kearney is using 20-gauge sterling, supplemented with solid silver rods: he is now mounting them on ebony squares, but ultimately will make bases of ivory, rosewood, teak, or maybe jade.

The pawns are figures in full medieval armor, unmounted, each armed

with a different weapon: broadsword, mace, crossbow, pike, axe, and varieties of the lance. The knights are mounted on rearing armored chargers. Kearney thinks the idea of anybody walking around "wearing a tin can" is funny. So he is giving his metal warriors a few sly, ridiculous touches, like exaggerated knee and elbow joints.

The rooks, as yet unstarted, will be crenellated, slotted turrets ten inches high, with an armored bowman inside, visible thru the slots. Designs for king, queen and bishops are still unformulated, beyond a thought that the king's helmet will be thrown back to reveal a golden crown.

Kearney, a muscular-looking 29 year old native of Omaha who studied at the celebrated Cranbrook Academy in Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, could no doubt execute his commission in a matter of months if his time and energy were not otherwise engaged.

Together with a young sculptor named Cosmo Campolli, Kearney directs the Contemporary Arts Workshop, a loosely organized project which provides space, equipment and casual instruction for devotees in ceramics, weaving, jewelry making, sculpture, painting and sketching. The workshop is in a huge barn, formerly a carriage factory and later a livery stable, at the end of Armstrong street. (This is one of Chicago's shortest streets, extending exactly 159 feet west of Michigan avenue, between Chicago avenue and Superior street.)

▪ Wielgus conceived the idea of commissioning Kearney to make a chess set when he saw a pawn Kearney made, more or less as a doodle in connection with his jewelry instruction at the Workshop. Wielgus plays chess, at the hobby level, and once made a chess set himself, in metal and plastic. These are materials he is familiar with professionally (Wielgus's studio makes "mock-ups" of experimental designs for such items as Bendix washers and Motorola TV sets).

In a world that sets yesterday as a due date for most of its commercial art, Kearney refuses to be intimidated. He says he would be willing to take on other commissions of this sort, but not on a rush basis; from now on, he will want five years.

"Gives you time to think about it," he says.

The Punch and the Resistance

▪ It was over in a moment, and the net result was no more than a five-minute clot in the Outer Drive's evening diastole: a car slammed into the car ahead. The slamming car's slender, red-bow-tied driver hopped out of his vehicle and ran forward, yelling and waving his arms. The slammed car's squat, heavy-set driver climbed out, ponderously and solemnly. Then the police came, and traffic resumed.

The police found that the red-bow-tied driver was a high-pressure salesman, to whom success is a matter of travelling ten miles an hour faster than everyone else; and the squat man was a credit manager, convinced that the only proper speed is ten miles slower than the rest of the world.

The police also figured that the chance of these two meeting was less than one in a million, which goes to show you how little the police know about business, politics, publishing, or what's *your* line?

An Open Letter to Edward Ryerson

▪ It is time, sir. Russet-ripe time for Channel 11.

I stare at my Magnavox and my living room is in darkness. I need more illumination. Neither Howard Miller nor Dorsey Connors, pleasant folk tho they be, offer the necessary wattage.

Two torpid years have straggled by since a channel was allocated by the FCC — Number 11. Another such year and I'll peddle my set to Polk Brothers, ball games or no ball games. How much longer, sir, before our channel gets going? We are told there are sufficient funds in the kitty — $880,000 — to open shop now. We are told it's only a matter of finding the right man to take over the job of station manager. How long does this search take? It's not the Holy Grail we seek, just a good, capable, imaginative man. In a land that takes pride in its wealth of executive talents, how rare is this citizen? I am bewildered that so adventurous, so buoyant a project be so timorously undertaken.

Let's get with it, sir. Pittsburgh's with it. Los Angeles is with it. Houston's with it. San Francisco's with it. Since when has Chicago adopted the circumspection of George Apley? Why not choose the best man interviewed thus far and get on with the work? If he has anything, he'll grow with the job. Look for the Ideal Man in paradise, not on this side of the pastures. May I suggest you follow the cue of the young couple who manage a small raido station on the west side of town, WFMT? They waited for no ideal anybody. Equipped with good taste and a modicum of derring-do, they opened shop. And they're doing fine. At the moment, they alone represent the richness that is Chicago, in terms of radio. There is no richness that is Chicago, in TV terms, as of now. The

time is ripe for Channel 11. Let's go, and we'll be profoundly grateful.

As grateful as the old lady of Surrey.

A recent issue of *The Listener,* a BBC magazine, tells of the elderly woman intently watching the set as a distinguished critic offered one of his illustrated music talks. As he finished, she said quietly and without a trace of affectation, "Thank you very much." She has access to the company of a gifted person. Why shouldn't we enjoy company equally as gifted? Are we children of Esau that we allow our birthright of Sandburg to be sold for a mess of Eigen?

As a battered, severely bruised veteran of the daily wars of commerical television, I've abandoned any illusions about agencies and stations, even the most enlightened. With one or two exceptions, they are in a perpetual state of thralldom, subject to pressures, profane rather than sacred. They quail at the first postcard sent in by a political primitive. They tremble at the fall of a decimal in the Book of Neilsen. They genuflect before the Golden Calf and murmur Holy Cow! But their worst offense by far is being committed against the art of conversation. They have succeeded in boiling down the American language from Paul Bunyan's size to Tom Thumb's.

This came to mind most graphically as I watched a recent Ed Murrow program. (True, Murrow is commercial. True, pearls are found in oysters.) It concerned the British controversy

Illustrated by Larry Klein

from Studs Terkel

raging round and about the possible advent of commercial TV. More impressive than the subject matter was the level of conversation. Here was sparkle, here was color in the use of the language. It was in startling contrast to what has become our way of life and speech: one-dimensional drabness and pedestrianism. It is not the purpose of this letter to go into the whys and wherefores. It is enough to recognize the malaise.

Surely our language is more colorful, more resourceful, than "Mmmm, boy!" "How about that?" and "All rightie." Certainly there are other adjectives within the comprehension of listeners than "wonderful." (If this word were eliminated from our lexicon, nine-tenths of our local TV performers would become mute overnight). There is little doubt that commerical TV has become a constraining rather than an adventurous influence on our way of life. Conformity of speech has become the accepted pattern. It's safe. Like conformity of thought. But in England, where commercial TV is not yet, there is a lifty quality, a spark to the talk.

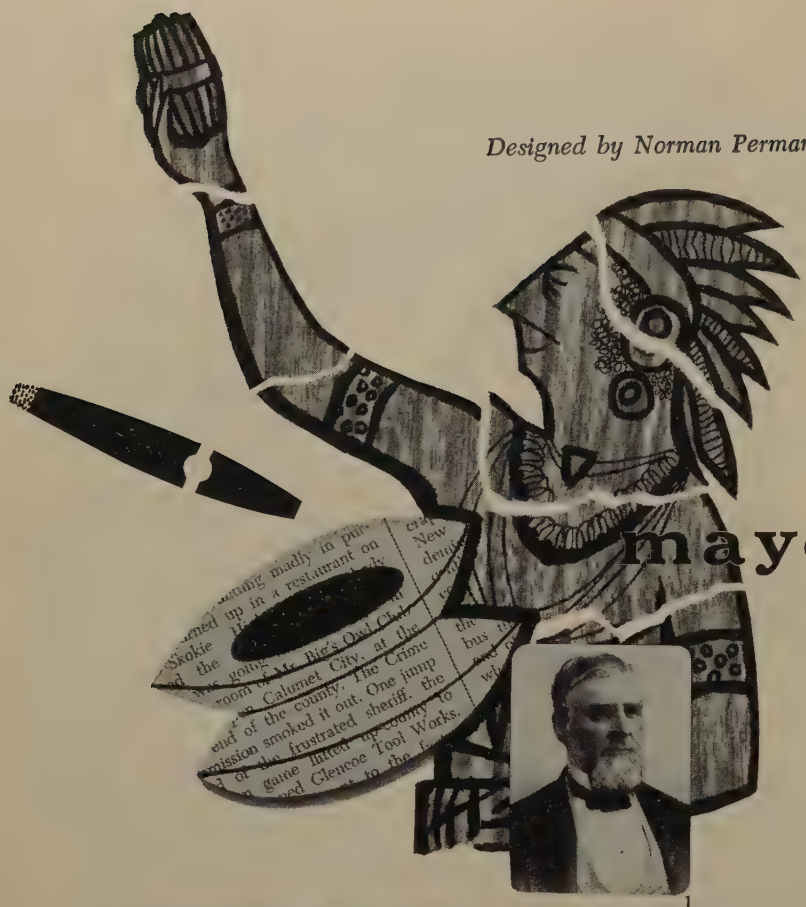
Which brings us back to the beginning, sir — Channel 11. A station unencumbered by commercials, disenthralled from the grip of "What's the rating?" A station were people would appear who are strange to millions of eyes and ears — Gwendolyn Brooks, perhaps, our city's Pulitzer Prize winning poet, reading her beautiful words; Nelson Algren, perhaps, our city's National Book Award winner, talking in his colorful, original manner; Albright, Bohrod, Abercrombie, Weisenborn exhibiting their works, explaining, arguing and as Mahalia Jackson, the gospel singer, puts it, "moving us on up a little higher"; the Fine Arts Quartet, for whom there is no room on commercial TV; the singers, dancers, musicians and story-tellers of the so-many national cultures in this town. This vision will do for now. There is much more to the dream, but we'll let it pass.

So, let's hurry it up, sir. Let's find the man, open the channel and illuminate our living rooms.

Gratefully yours,
Studs Terkel

In the 117 years since the city's incorporation, 37 men have served as mayor. Except in the most meticulous histories the memory of many has perished, even to their names. Yet once the decades of historical dust are brushed aside they reappear as men, each with individuality and his own approach to municipal affairs. Whether adept, inept or somewhere between in ability and achievement, they represent what the city was in their time. Seeing them in this perspective adds another dimension to the city of the present.

Designed by Norman Perman



mayors of chicago

By ROBERT L. SHEBS

Photos, Chicago Historical Society

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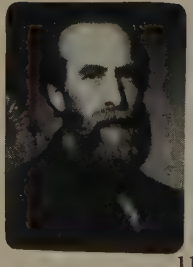

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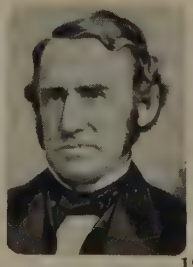

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1 The first mayor, *William B. Ogden,* also was the youngest, 31. In the election of 1837 he defeated John H. Kinzie, son of the pioneer John Kinzie, and served for a year. Ogden came to Chicago in 1835 and quickly became wealthy from land speculation. His mansion stood in the middle of the block bounded by Rush, Erie, Ontario and Wabash, where the Cadillac building is now. Ogden built the city's first railroad (the Chicago and Galena Union), selling stock to farmers along the Fox river valley right of way, and (also with private funds) built many miles of streets. His salary as first mayor was $500.

2 *Buckner S. Morris* was a Southern lawyer who had helped organize the city. During his term as second mayor, 1838-39, the tax levy for the entire city was $8,849. In 1840 he and Abraham Lincoln were chosen Presidential electors by the Whig party. In 1860 he was the Union party candidate for governor and opposed Lincoln in the Presidential campaign. During the Civil war, Morris's Kentucky background and association with the Sons of Liberty, an anti-war Democrat society, resulted in his arrest for conspiracy to free Confederate prisoners at Camp Douglas and sack the city. A court-martial acquitted him.

3 *Benjamin W. Raymond* served two terms as mayor, 1839-40 and 1842-43. He built the state's first woolen factory in Elgin and was a founder of the Elgin Watch company. During his first term the Dearborn street bridge was swept away by a spring flood, removing the only link between the North and South Sides. Out of sectional spite, South Siders

objected to restoring the bridge. The council split on the issue and Raymond, a South Sider, cast the decisive vote for rebuilding.

4 Two important firsts occurred during the administration of *Alexander Lloyd,* mayor in 1840-41: a permanent system of free public schools was set up and the Chicago Hydraulic company began to distribute lake water thru a two-mile system of water mains. The mains were bored logs; specimens of them occasionally are unearthed nowadays in excavations. Lloyd was a contractor who built a number of early churches in the city.

5 Several mayors served non-consecutive multiple terms, but *Francis C. Sherman* was re-elected 20 years after he completed a term in office. He was elected the first time for the year 1841-42. He was elected twice again, in 1862 and 1863. Sherman was a hotel owner (the Sherman House, on the site of the present Sherman hotel) and the city's first brick maker. During his last administration the city's last special charter was adopted. Among other things, it abolished a provision that required every male resident between 21 and 60 to labor on the streets three days each year or pay 50 cents in lieu. The city by then had spread out to Pershing road and Western and Fullerton avenues.

6 *Augustus Garrett,* a wealthy auctioneer, held office during 1843-44 and again in 1845-56. Chicago was made a port of entry during his first term. The sanitation problem was attacked with laws that prohibited hogs from running at large in the streets and banned dumping of dead animals in the lake or river. Garrett's fortune was left by his widow to Northwestern university's Garrett Biblical Institute.

7 *Alson S. Sherman* became the first mayor from the West Side when he defeated Garrett in the special election of 1844. He was a dealer in building supplies who helped develop the Lemont quarry along the Illinois and Michigan canal. His main civic contribution was the municipal water works. Before his election he headed the fire department, then composed exclusively of volunteers. During his term Lake street — the main business street — was planked from State to Dearborn, the first attempt to bring the city out of the mud. Sherman was an original trustee of Northwestern university.

8 The first parking ordinance was passed in 1847 while *John P. Chapin* was mayor. It banned parking teams of horses or oxen on city bridges or street approaches. Penalty: a $5 fine. That year state legislation empowered the city to plank any street and construct breakwaters along the lake and tunnels under the river. Chapin was a commission merchant and forwarding agent who was one of the first officials of the Board of Trade, founded in 1848. He built and operated the first line of canal boats on the Illinois and Michigan canal and was associated with Ogden in organizing the North Western railroad.

9 The first real politician to become mayor was *James Curtiss,* who ran six times and held the office twice: 1847-48 and 1850-51. Curtiss, a lawyer, also sucessfully sought office as County court clerk, state's attorney, alderman and city clerk. During his first term the city was authorized by the state to construct and maintain a sewer system. While he was mayor the second time, the first gaslights were put up — mostly in the few blocks comprising the business district — and the Illinois Central railroad obtained its lake shore right of way.

10 The city council became officially aware of gambling in the city in 1848, when it passed the first gambling ordinance, forbidding keno. Gambling continued. The mayor was *James H. Woodworth,* in the first of his two consecutive terms, 1848-50. During his tenure, a municipal market was established on State between Randolph and Lake streets. The building also served as the first city hall. A paramount issue was terminal privileges for railroads; as a solution separate facilities were granted to each railroad, creating confusion that still is a problem. Woodworth, who made a fortune in flour milling, land speculation and banking, also served in the city council, state legislature and Congress.

11 An effort to do something about ordinances that were ineffective or ignored was made by *Walter S. Gurnee,* head of a wholesale saddlery and tannery, who held office for two terms, 1851-53. In his first inaugural address he recommended repealing all ordinances that could not be strictly enforced. The city's second charter, in 1851, made the first attempt at zoning, granting authority to regulate location of breweries, tanneries and packing houses, most of which were prohibited within four miles of the city. Gurnee was one of Winnetka's founders.

12 *Charles M. Gray,* mayor in 1853-54, was a carpenter and builder: in his factory manufacture of McCormick reapers was begun in 1844. He formed a partnership with Cyrus McCormick, who had been financed by a $25,000 loan from Ogden, but four years later joined the California gold rush. During his administration the first substantial bridge was built at Randolph street and the municipal water works began operation. During the period from 1851 to 1854 the city's population grew from 34,000 to 65,872 — a rate of growth never equaled since. Gray, a businessman, made no special effort to enter or remain in politics.

13 *Isaac L. Milliken,* once a blacksmith, became mayor in 1854. In 1837 he had opened a smithy on Randolph, on the site of the present Sherman hotel, where he talked politics while shoeing horses and studying law. He represented the 2nd ward in the council for two terms. During his year as mayor the city seal was adopted. Milliken later became police chief.

14 Only physician among Chicago's mayors was *Levi D. Boone,* a grandnephew of Daniel Boone, and first president of the Cook County Medical society (1836) and of the Chicago Medical society (1850). He was the candidate of the Know-Nothing (Native American) party in 1855 and his administration was one of the most combative in the city's history. The Irish were inflamed over Boone's edict that all policemen be native-born; the Germans over an ordinance raising saloon licenses from $50 to $300 and a Sunday closing law against beer gardens while saloons that served whisky were unmolested. The latter measure led to the "lager beer riots." Other, less ructious events of the year were construction of the first high school, on Monroe near Halsted; the beginning of local transportation with a franchise for horse-drawn streetcars, and creation of an 80-man police department.

15 *Thomas Dyer,* mayor in 1856-57, was the third member of the pioneer packinghouse firm of Wadsworth, Dyer & Chapin to hold the office. During his term work was begun on raising the grade level in the business district. In the process, which took 20 years, some streets were raised as much as 10 feet above swamp, and buildings were jacked up to higher foundations or moved. Fort Dearborn was razed and the rise on which it stood was leveled to provide fill for Randolph street. Crime increased during hard times in the winter of 1856-57, resulting in criticism of the police department for inefficiency and division of the city into three police districts. In 1856 the population was increased by two notable arrivals — Marshall Field and Dwight L. Moody.

16 *"Long John" Wentworth,* twice mayor: 1857-58 and 1860-61, was 6 feet 6 and weighed 300 pounds. Aggressive and incorruptible, he insisted on strict enforcement of ordinances and equally strict attention to duty by city officials. A new police board that was to reorganize the department dallied for a month but was prodded into action when Wentworth fired the whole police force at a stroke one night. Editor of the *Democrat,* one of the earliest newspapers, for 35 years, Wentworth was a Democratic Congressman five times, but was elected mayor in 1857 on a Republican-Fusion ticket. The election was bitter and violent. Both times he was a candidate he declared he would not run for re-election, and he recommended that the mayor not be permitted to succeed himself. "The mayor is but the right arm of the law," Wentworth said, "and there should be nothing of human ambition to paralyze the power of that arm."

17 In 1858 the Republicans elected their first mayor to run on a straight party ticket. He was *John C. Haines,* a partner in a flour mill, who served two unspectacular terms. Noteworthy events were

the organization of a paid fire department in place of the volunteer companies, and Haines's veto of a street railway ordinance that gave traction companies a perpetual franchise if the city failed to buy the lines after 25 years. The first horse streetcar ran on State street between Randolph street and Roosevelt road in 1859. By the end of Haines's administration in 1860 the city's population was 100,000 and the 10 schools were badly overcrowded. A decade earlier the population had been 29,963.

18 The threat of civil war outweighed all local issues in the mayoralty campaign of 1861, and four days after Fort Sumter *Julian S. Rumsey,* a Republican, was elected and served thru the first year of the war. (Francis C. Sherman, mayor thruout the remainder of the Civil war, was a Democrat). The war greatly stimulated the city's growth as an industrial and commercial center and it became the world's principal packing center and grain market during those years. Rumsey, a member of a grain commission firm, devised a system of grain inspection that was adopted in all grain markets of the world.

19 While some mayors have been theatrical and even hammy in deportment, *John B. Rice,* two-term mayor, 1865-69, was a professional actor, who built the city's first real theater in 1847. It was on Randolph street on the site of the present Marshall Field store. He and James H. McVicker were the foremost promoters of the city's theatrical interests. In 1869, the western city limit was extended to what is now Pulaski road. In 1866 and 1867 there was much real estate development in the lake front area bounded by State, Lake and Harrison streets, which at the time was considered far removed from the center of activity.

20 Acknowledged corruption and mismanagement of city affairs prompted the election in 1869 of *Roswell B. Mason* on a People's Party reform ticket. The reform was dubious, but work started on the House of Correction, which was opened in 1871 and still stands. Mason was a civil engineer who had built the first bridge over the Mississippi river at Dubuque, Iowa. As mayor, he proposed limiting the number of saloons to one for every 26 males over 21. After the fire of 1871, Mason called in the army to protect the city. This was protested by the governor as a violation of the state constitution and a legislative committee censured both the mayor and the army.

21 The problem of rebuilding the city fell upon *Joseph Medill,* editor of the Tribune, who was elected as a "fireproof" candidate. Despite the disorganized state of the municipal government, the city's credit was maintained and its payrolls met. An ordinance prohibiting wooden buildings thruout the city was passed over bitter opposition, and the fire department was reorganized and taken out of spoils politics. The public library was established in 1872. In 1873 Medill, in ill health, went to Europe, and Alderman L. L. Bond served as acting mayor for the remaining few months of the term.

22 In 1876 the city had two mayors at once and a threat of municipal war. One of the mayors was *Harvey D. Colvin,* a shoe manufacturer who had been in office since 1873 but refused to step out at the end of his term because of an odd twist in the city's election law. The other mayor was Thomas Hoyne, who was "elected" that spring. During the previous year the election date was changed from November to April, but the ordinance setting up the election omitted the mayor. The council, with a pro-Colvin majority, refused twice to call a special election for mayor. However, a mass meeting nominated Hoyne for mayor and in the election he received 88,064 of the 88,813 votes cast, but Colvin, who was regarded as the creature of the city's gambling boss, still refused to step down. Tension was such that police guarded his office and the council chamber. The Circuit court finally upheld Colvin, ruling that Hoyne had been elected informally.

23 Winner of the official election in 1876 was *Monroe Heath.* He had been a '49er, and at the time of his election was a partner in Heath & Milligan, a paint company that is still in business. In 1877 he was re-elected to a full two-year term which was marked by labor violence and capped in the summer of 1877 by a week of labor riots. During the week workers and police fought two pitched battles at the Burlington Road shops and Halsted street railroad viaduct. The stockyards were forced out of the city as a nuisance in 1877 but the city soon encompassed them again in its growth.

24 In 1879 *Carter H. Harrison* was elected to the first of five terms — four ran consecutively to 1887 and he was elected again in 1893. A lawyer and real estate dealer who was 45 years old before he entered politics, Harrison, tho frequently opposed by the newspapers, was a popular figure. Chicagoans called him "Our Carter" and one of the familiar sights of the city was Harrison astride his white horse. In Harrison's eighth year in office the Haymarket bombing exploded into months of excitement and alarm. Over the bitter opposition of the press because of his tolerance of gambling and segregated prostitution, Harrison was chosen in 1893 to head the city during the Columbian exposition. Just before the

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fair closed, he was assassinated by a disappointed office-seeker.

25 *John A Roche,* a machinery manufacturer, was elected mayor in 1887. He was put up by the Republicans to give the city a "business" administration, following eight years of Democratic rule under Harrison. The Democrats that year had no candidate for mayor (Harrison and others declined the nomination), so Roche ran against a Socialist-Labor slate. A start was made on the drainage canal in 1887. It was run to Lockport, and was based on a future population of 2,500,000 living in the area from Evanston to Hyde Park. Suppression of gambling and disreputable saloons became a live issue again; in a message to the council Roche complained of the indifference of citizens to the power held by gambling interests.

26 In 1889 *Dewitt C. Cregier* said yes to the Democrats and was elected mayor. He had been a public servant for over 30 years, from 1853, when he came to the city to supervise installation and operation of the pumping equipment in the water works, to 1886, when he resigned as commissioner of public works. The year of Cregier's election the city became the second largest in the country by annexing more than 128 square miles, including the city of Lake View and the towns of Hyde Park, Lake, Jefferson and part of Cicero. The added 220,000 population put the city over the million mark.

27 Consolidation of the city and county governments was a favorite project of *Hempstead Washburne,* mayor in 1893-95. He was more successful in other matters, however, and during his administration the Juvenile (now Family) court was established and employment of children under 14 was prohibited; the railroads were prodded into eliminating grade crossings at their own expense; a milk inspection ordinance was passed; and police-patrolled beaches were established along the lake. Washburne ordered public gambling stopped within 24 hours after his inauguration and in his final message to the council claimed that "no open public gambling resort has been maintained for the past two years." He was the son of Elihu B. Washburne, secretary of state under Grant and minister to France.

28 Following the assassination of Harrison, a special election was held in December, 1893, in which *John P. Hopkins* was elected to serve the remainder of Harrison's term. Hopkins, a Kensington department store owner, had headed a committee that worked for the annexations of 1889. More annexations occurred during 1893-95; Rogers Park, West Ridge, Norwood Park and part of Calumet were absorbed. In 1894 the first free public bath was opened at a cost of $20,000. It proved so popular that 33 more were built in the next 20 years.

29 *George B. Swift,* whom the council had elected mayor pro tem between Harrison's death and Hopkins's election, was elected for a full term in 1895. Civil service became effective that year and within four months there were 20,000 applicants for city jobs. Swift was a partner in a firm that manufactured axle grease and lubricating oil. He made two startling innovations when he named businessmen to head the health and police departments. During his term a generation-long fight over lake front rights involving the city, state and the Illinois Central railroad was settled, and work began in earnest to fill the lake between the I.C. tracks and Michigan avenue. This was the beginning of Grant park.

30 Like his father, the late *Carter H. Harrison II* was mayor five times. His four consecutive terms ran from 1897 to 1905 and he was re-elected for a four-year term in 1911. The younger Harrison was the first Chicago-born mayor. During his first four terms he attended every council session and all but one of his numerous vetos were upheld: his veto of the Commonwealth Edison franchise was defeated. Traction was a nasty problem thruout his five terms, but especially during the first eight years when there was almost incessant wrangling and finagling in both the city council and state legislature: this was the era of Yerkes, the boodlers, and the council "gray wolves." During Harrison's last term the lid was closed on the Levee and segregated prostitution, which had flourished thruout the city's history, was abolished.

31 *Edward F. Dunne,* a Circuit court judge who became mayor in 1905, was the last of the two-term mayors. The same year, an amended city charter extended the term to four years, beginning in 1907. Dunne was an advocate of municipal ownership of public utilities and submitted to the council a plan for acquiring the streetcar lines, which was approved both in the council and in a referendum. In 1912 Dunne was elected governor of Illinois.

32 The first four-year mayor was *Fred A. Busse,* a coal dealer and Republican politician. He was postmaster before his election in 1907. During 1908-09 three investigations were conducted on the feasibility of building a subway, and in 1909 the present city hall was built.

33 In 1915 the city elected *William H. Thompson,* re-elected him in 1919 and again in 1927. The Thompson administrations surpassed the days of the council "gray wolves" in graft and corruption: a surplus of $2,800,000 in city funds in 1916 became a deficit of $4,600,000 in 1919. Big Bill won his second term by capturing the vote of the rapidly-expanding Negro population, and his third term campaign was financed by the Capone syndicate.

34 A group of influential citizens in 1923 proposed *William E. Dever,* a Superior court judge, as an antidote to Thompson. Dever, who had entered the council the same year as Thompson, tried to stem the growth of organized crime, but the partnership between gangsters and politicians that had been cemented during the eight previous years was too strong. The Union station was opened in 1925 and during the following year the first traffic lights were installed in the Loop, and Wacker drive was dedicated.

35 The World's Fair was being built and the city was paying its employees in script in 1931, when *Anton J. Cermak* became mayor. Property tax collections had been in a tangle since 1927, when the quarterly county assessment was held illegal, and the depression cut deeply into collection of subsequent levies. In 1932 the legislature voted the sales tax as a relief measure. In 1933 Cermak was fatally wounded in the attempted assassination of President-Elect Roosevelt in Florida.

36 As Cermak's successor the council elected the late *Edward J. Kelly.* Kelly, who was once an undertaker's apprentice, set a record of 14 years in office. At the same time, he and Patrick A. Nash, county Democratic chairman, built the county organization into one of the country's most powerful political machines. Kelly was elected for a full term in 1935 by the largest majority in the city's history, and was re-elected twice. The crime-politics partnership ran more efficiently than ever, if less spectacularly. For all his political shrewdness, Kelly was superstitious: he carried a "magic spike" in his pocket to ward off illness.

37 By 1947 Kelly was ready to relinquish the mayor's office; but the Democrats weren't, and to lend grace to the weathered party facade they nominated *Martin H. Kennelly,* a business man with a well-scrubbed look, who won handily and is now in his second term.

mayors of chicago

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THE FOLK OF STERN PURPOSE

Drawings by Oley Selseth

Captions by Natalie Cherry

"I can't live without flowers . . ."

"Do you write greeting cards for a living? . "

"I was only trying to do good . . ."

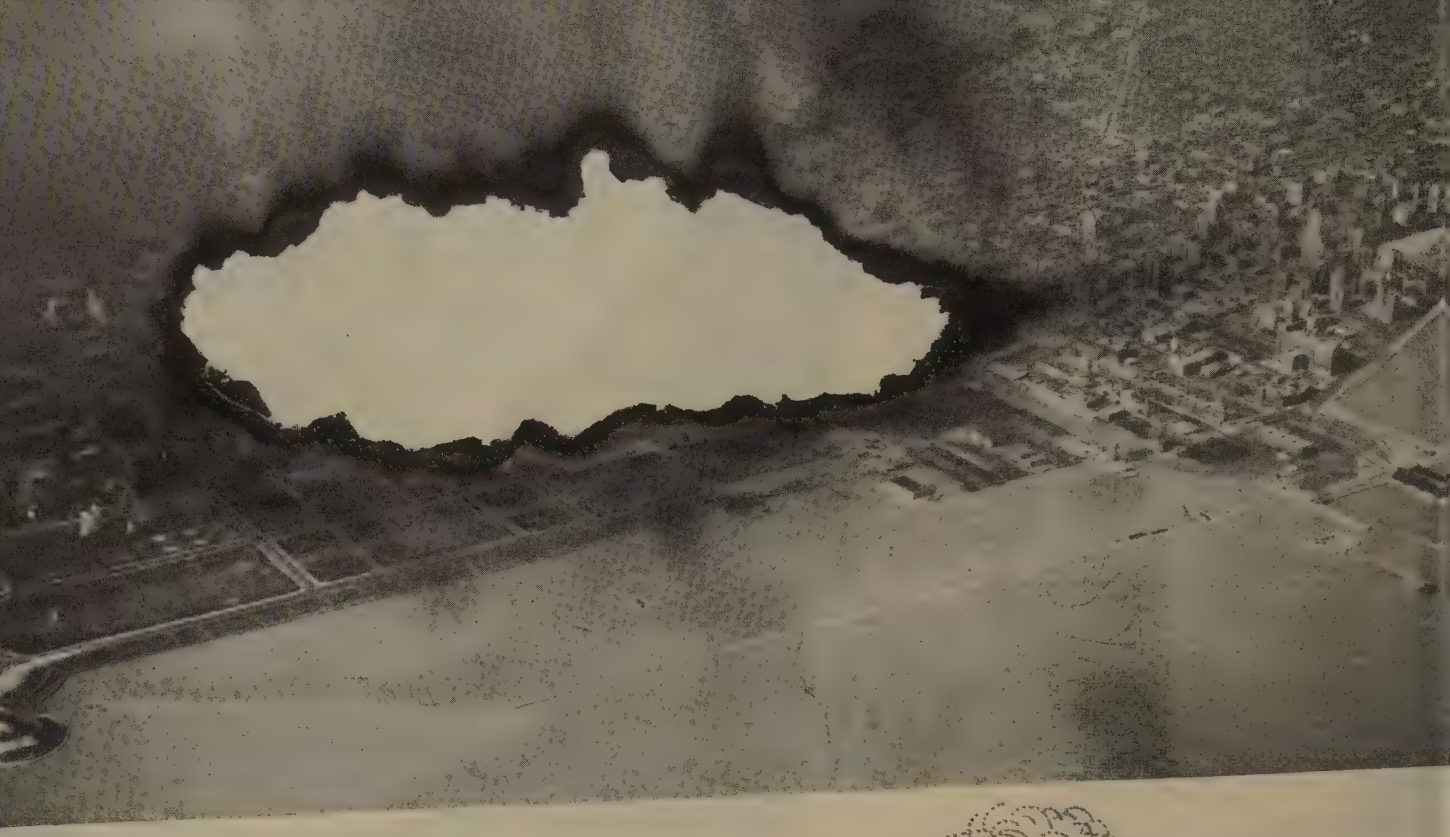
"I'll never stop playing handball . . ."

"Why don't you want another drink? . . ."

"I'm just crazy about my new barrel chair . . ."

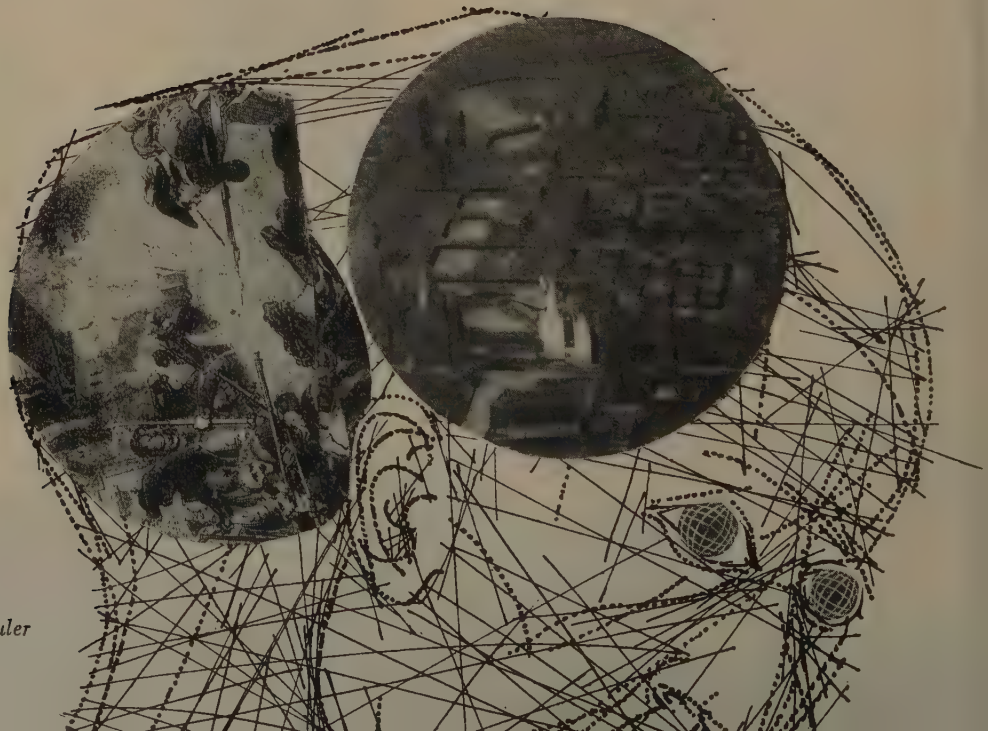
"Bachelors are invited to all the parties . . ."

Design by Glen Murr



we cannot put the Jinni back in the bottle

Chicago and the H-BOMB



Illustrated by Franz Altschuler

By Eugene Rabinowitch

I.N.S. Photo

The author of the accompanying article, Eugene Rabinowitch, is a research scholar in the field of photosynthesis – the process by which plants convert sunlight into energy. During World War II, as a chemist in the Manhattan District, Dr. Rabinowitch was involved in man's first development of another source of energy than the sun. This, of course, was the atom bomb, which since its birth in this city has sired an apocalyptic offspring, the hydrogen bomb.

Born in St. Petersburg in 1901, Dr. Rabinowitch fled Russia with his parents because of the Communist revolution. He was trained in biochemistry, physics and botany at Berlin, Gottingen, Copenhagen, London and Cambridge (M.I.T.). He is presently research professor in the department of botany at the University of Illinois, and consultant to the Argonne National Laboratory.

Dr. Rabinowitch's concern with the consequences of atomic research led him to become a co-founder of the Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists, the chief organ thru which the creators of the A-bomb have been able to discuss its meaning with the general public. Now, when that general public has been converted into a potential general target, Dr. Rabinowitch has undertaken to spell out some of the things that, in his opinion, the intelligent Chicagoan should know about the hydrogen bomb.

▪ Chicagoans have a particularly close association with atomic energy. It was in this city that the first man-made nuclear chain reaction was started in 1942. The so-called "Metallurgical Laboratory," an important part of the wartime atomic bomb project, was located on the campus of the University of Chicago. Recently, Sterling Cole, chairman of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, chose a Chicago audience for the first official revelation of the power of the hydrogen bomb. He translated the area of destruction produced at Eniwetok by the November 1, 1952 "nuclear test" in terms of Chicago streets and buildings.

Since then, much more powerful thermonuclear explosions have been set off in March and April of this year, at the Pacific proving grounds. Their reprecussions have shaken the world.

On April 26, R. M. Woodward, Illinois civil defense director, announced that in eighteen months a program to evacuate Chicago within six hours, in case of an emergency, would be ready. Civil defense organizations are abandoning "duck and cover" plans in the face of weapons whose destructive power is measured in millions of tons of TNT, each bomb big enough to "take out" a city.

Unanswered are the questions where evacuated Chicagoans would go, where we would sleep, how we would be fed, and how we would be gainfully employed if our city is wiped out with its main industrial plants and its main housing and transportation facilities. If the alarm proves false, would we be returned to the city – to be evacuated again when next the siren sounds?

And how about the warning time? At present we might have less than fifteen minutes' notice of a transpolar attack by jet bombers; when, and if, the projected radar fence is completed – which will take eighteen months at the least – we may have two hours' warning, still far short of the six hours considered the minimum needed for evacuation by civil defense planners. Once guided missiles replace manned bombers, warnings will shrink again, far below any reasonable time during which a metropolis can be emptied.

As logic forces us now (and should have forced us several years ago) to abandon the idea of "sitting out" an atomic attack in shelters, so logic will soon force us to face realistically what we have refused to face for nine years – the fact that the only way to take the sting out of an atomic or hydrogen bomb attack on Chicago is to disperse the city's most important industrial and transportation targets over an area which even hydrogen bombs cannot cover. It has been estimated that satellite cities, 15 miles apart from each other and from the central city core, would make a metropolitan area an unrewarding target for an attack with atomic bombs; with H-bombs, the separation needed may be 30 or 40 miles. Nevertheless, it is still within the power of Chicago, together with the surrounding counties, to transform itself into a loose cluster of industrial communities, which no attacker could hope to wipe out with a few bombs, and may therefore be reluctant to attack at all.

▪ A consideration of the mortal threat to our own city posed by the new monster weapons should shock us into thinking of the wider problem which involves not only our own survival, and the survival of our city, but the very existence of our civilization. Cities all over the world are in the same predicament, and many of them have not even surrounding space into which they could be dispersed.

We cannot put the jinni back in the bottle. We must adjust our way of life to the reality of the H-bomb; and that means more than just shrugging it off and getting used to living in the shadow of sudden destruction – as, apparently, we have become accustomed to living with the atomic bomb – without changing our ways.

This is the greatest challenge man has ever faced. We are to live in a world where these enormous explosive forces will be at the beck and call of political leaders, wise or foolish, not merely for the next five or ten years – not only thru a prolonged period of tension between the Communist empire and the non-Communist nations – but for all future time!

Today, three nations – the United States, the Soviet Union, and Great Britain – possess atomic weapons, and two of them – the U.S. and the USSR

continued on next page

— thermonuclear weapons, as well. Within the next ten years several other nations may have them; and, as atomic power is developed, stockpiles of fissionable materials, capable of being turned into weapons at short notice, will be scattered all over the globe. Atomic or even hydrogen weapons could then not only be available to Communist fanatics in the Kremlin, but could fall into the hands of any power-drunk political maniac like Hitler or any petty dictator, or even a small band of nationalistic or revolutionary firebrands.

▪ To preserve civilized life, if not *all* life in such a world, will require much more than a new look; it will require a new mentality. Nations must learn how to avoid all-out wars in all future time or there will be no nations left. What is needed is a clean break with the past — an end to the history of mankind as we learned it at school.

War has been with us since the beginning of history. Scorned by the wise and abhorred by the compassionate, it has been glorified in literature and art as the ultimate test of heroic virtue. At the least, it has been accepted — and is still accepted by most — as an inevitable calamity in the life of nations. It has served, in the famous words of Clausewitz, as a "continuation of politics by other means" to spread the power of empires or to defend the freedom and independence of nations.

We have accepted as inevitable a lawlessness between nations which would not be countenanced within any orderly state. Murder has long been considered a heinous crime; but murder as national service is still a high civic duty. We bestow our highest decorations on men who have achieved records in killing, single-handed, a large number of enemies. Now we have weapons which will enable a single man to kill several million "enemies" with one jerk of his finger. Will this finally force man to put an end to the double standard of morality by which he has lived ever since packs of human animals started roaming the earth?

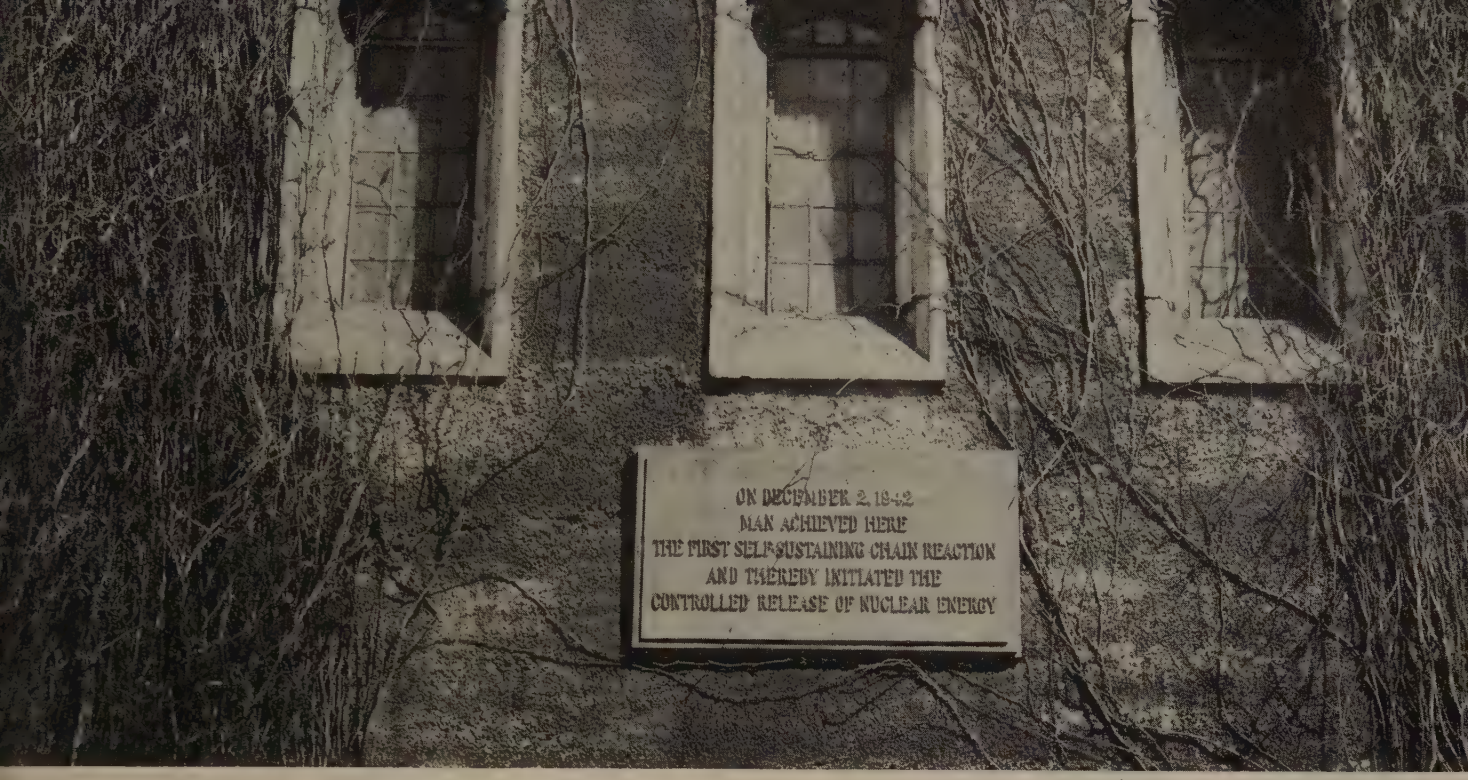
The release of the violence locked up in atomic nuclei confronts mankind with the decision either to accept a universal moral law or to perish.

▪ Even if the present Soviet-Western threat of atomic war is successfully handled by a wise and firm policy, and war is avoided, the whole history of mankind indicates that this will be only the first in a continuous series of international conflicts, each of which will threaten man with increasingly complete annihilation. Therefore, we must set a goal beyond mere survival in the present conflict; we must aim at the creation of a world in which our children and our children's children will be able to live without continuous abject fear. The deterrent effect of the terrible weapons, on which our statesmen now place their major hope for the maintenance of peace, merely gives us a breathing space which we can use to grasp the full meaning of the new age and start working out a solution. This breathing space should allow the Soviet leaders to reconsider their beliefs which, together with the old-established patterns of national power rivalries, have brought the world to the brink of atomic war.

The explosions in the Soviet Union and in the Pacific have blown the heart out of the "dialectics" of world history, in which the Communist leaders so firmly believe. The "dialectically inevitable" wars between socialistic and capitalistic countries can no longer be expected, even by the most convinced Communist, to end in the ultimate victory of the "proletariat." The Fireball consumes proletariat and capitalists alike.

The Pacific hydrogen bombs brought a world-wide demand for new talks on disarmament. These are necessary, since they may add to a temporary relaxation of tension, but we should not place too much hope in disarmament in a world as it is presently organized. No one can afford to go totally unarmed in a lawless world, and whatever arms may be used at the beginning of a war, modern arms will be used at its end. Political negotiations with the Soviet Union have been called for; and they, too, are necessary. They may permit the patching up of some of the open wounds, and thus prevent local infection from breaking out into general disease. They also may contribute to the extension of the breathing space during which we can devise a permanent settlement.

Scientists began in 1945 to talk about the need for a new political order to match man's new mastery over the forces of nature. They knew, even then, that the "super-bomb" was a possibility, and that the destruction of Hiroshima and Nagasaki was but the first portent of much greater dis-


ON DECEMBER 2, 19-2
MAN ACHIEVED HERE
THE FIRST SELF-SUSTAINING CHAIN REACTION
AND THEREBY INITIATED THE
CONTROLLED RELEASE OF NUCLEAR ENERGY

asters inevitable in future wars.

The *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* was founded in Chicago in 1945, and is still published in this city, as a forum for the discussion of the political consequences of the discovery of atomic energy. Many atomic scientists have taken active part, either as individuals or as members of the "Federation of American Scientists," in discussing the political questions arising from the new scientific discoveries, and sometimes have publicly advocated what they thought were the best ways of answering them.

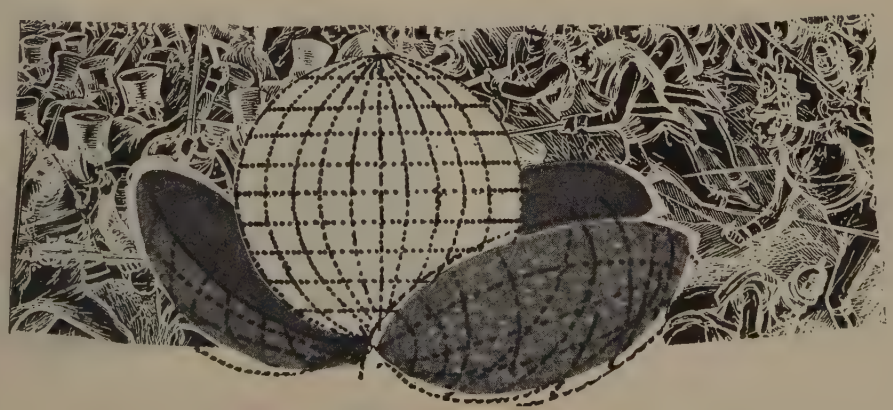
Questions have been asked about the propriety of scientists' assuming this quasi-political role. Their excuse for believing that they could make a useful contribution to the formation of national policies was their deep awareness of the enormous potentialities for destruction of the newly discovered source of energy, and also their feeling that their training as scientists had given them a certain capacity for facing the facts and making logical deductions from them. Furthermore, they felt (and many of them still feel) that mankind has arrived at a juncture where an objective analysis of national interests coincides with moral requirements set up long ago by the highest ethical systems. To have a chance of national survival, and worthwile living, men must now live up to a moral code which relates them to all other men on the earth, and not only to members of their own community.

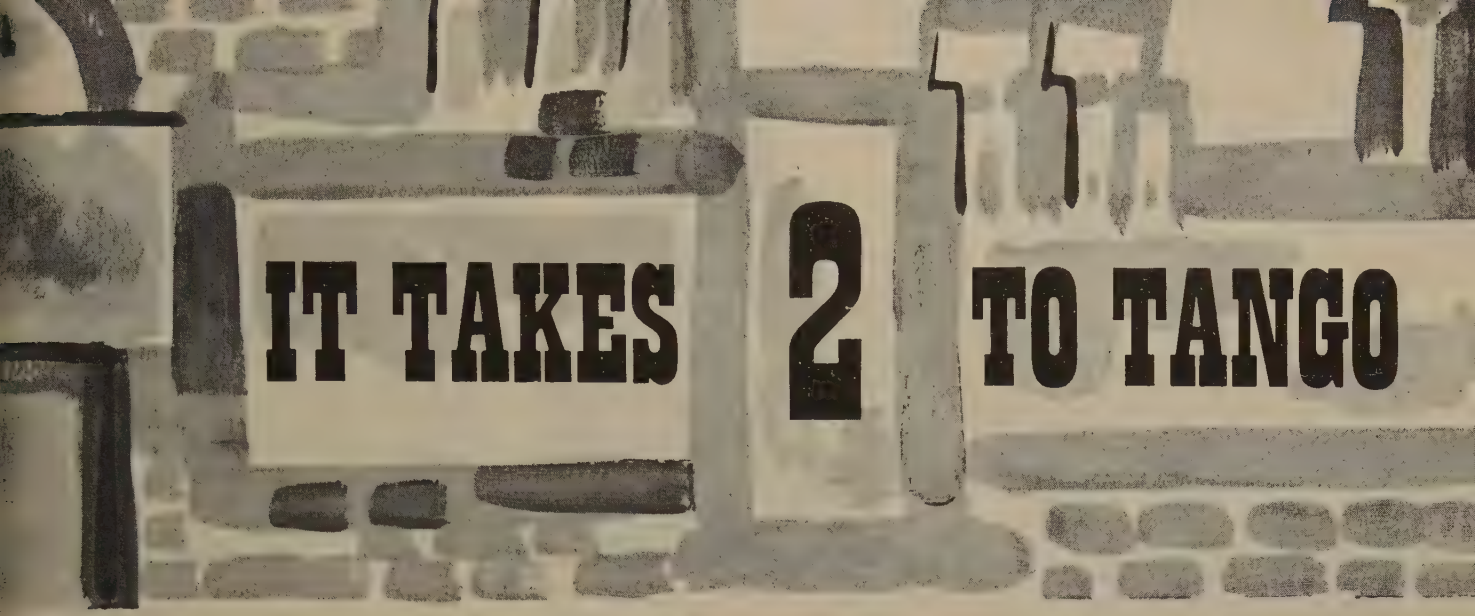
One of the complaints raised against a distinguished scientist, now being investigated as a "security risk," is that he had introduced moral considerations into the discussion of weapons policy when he was asked only for expert technical advice; but, if in the mind of a scientific expert the requirements of ethics have become inseparable from those of military and political effectiveness, how can he restrict his advice to technical feasibility?

▪ The alarm felt by scientists in 1945 is shared today by whole nations, and there is a new urge to shape a world where men will not have to live in mounting fear. Let us then use the breathing spell, still available to us, to create a climate of opinion, first of all, in our own country, in which a lawful world can find birth. Let us consider and accept the sacrifice which would be required from us if we decide to make world law the ultimate aim of our actions. Let us apply the test of accepting this law, without mental reservations, in the spirit of wise subordination of a part to a whole, to ourselves, before we try to convert our friends, not to speak of our opponents.

We cannot capitulate before the threat to our cities, nor can we end our predicament by being the first to hurtle hydrogen weapons at those who menace us. We need firmness, coolness and patience in dealing with these troubles and dangers, and hard-headed realism and freedom from illusions about our adversaries, too. But what we need, above all, is bold and imaginative leadership. We can light a new beacon to guide all men of good will in a dark and perilous journey. We can give a new sense of direction to our day-by-day actions, and a new understanding of the value of sacrifices we might be called upon to make. We can establish firmly in our own minds that a world under law is our ultimate aim, and tell the world what responsibilities we are prepared to assume to reach it. If we prove our readiness to live up to this dedication, we will gain the adherence of the untold millions yearning for peace everywhere in the world — many of whom are now following the false standards of the Communist-sponsored "peace drive."

If it is inevitable that we have to travel on the edge of a precipice for many years to come, let us at least know where the road along the brink is leading us, to make our minds firm and our steps steady.





IT TAKES 2 TO TANGO

By Jean Martin

Illustrated by Joseph Teresi

▪ For years I thought that if you wanted to tell a story that had happened to you it was absolutely essential to get yourself a new setting for it, change around the characters, add a lot of filmy description, and so sketchily suggest the action that no one would ever realize that this was something that had actually happened. Or, to be really avant-garde, eliminate the action entirely. I thought it would seem too prosaic if you just told things the way they had happened and the net result of all my conniving generally turned out to be something dripping dreams all over the place like Dali watches.

It is the truth, I really used to think stories had to be that way, and I'm telling you about it now because I wasn't the only one who had that idea. When I got out of school there was practically a cult of weird writing, the Neo-Genteel School I call it, writers who couldn't bear to call a spade a spade but preferred to speak of it as a symbol of a spade. Some of them were milk-glass Southern and some were New England boiled dinners and some were Green Grow the Greenwich Village but all of them simply could not bear to get down to brass tacks.

All of which has practically nothing to do with the lesson I learned when I was in Paris last year. I put that in casually like that about being in Paris last year but actually I thought it was remarkable just *being* in Paris. After all I had thought about it for years and then it really happened; so many things you think about never do happen. And besides it seems to me that if you want to tell about something that happened to you when you were in Paris you might just as well come right out and say so because if you hunted around for a rare setting for a story you couldn't fix on a better one than Paris unless maybe you used Venice which I will admit is even more loaded with atmosphere. But this, as I say, isn't one of those things with atmosphere; it's just that there I was in Paris and I was waiting to have one of those little adventures you are supposed to have in Paris. I had only been there about a week but I was expecting something unusual any day.

Of course I wasn't expecting anything too horribly unusual. No headless hawks or anything like that. I don't want to get you into one of those things where a group of shadowy people are playing croquet on the lawn at dusk and it keeps getting darker and darker until pretty soon they can hardly see what they are doing so they all go into the house whereupon it develops that there had been somebody playing with them whom they never even *saw* before in their lives but before they can find out who the mysterious croquet player is he leaves and they are left standing around but they know the extra player was there because they have an extra croquet mallet which does not match their set. You know the kind of thing I mean, the title would be *The Mysterious Croquet Player,* and this is nothing like that at all, I merely want to tell you about a woman I met when I was in Paris who taught me an exquisite little lesson.

As I say I hadn't been in Paris but about a week and I was living in a hotel down by the Sorbonne near St. Germain des Pres around the corner from St. Sulpice and all that. When I say I lived close by the Sorbonne I mean you couldn't live much closer without moving right into the place because I had a room across the street from the Ecole de Medicin and I would wake up mornings with a whole classroom literally staring me in the teeth. For about a week I had been living there in the student quarter near the Sorbonne but what with one thing and another I still wasn't doing much of anything you are supposed to do in Paris; I wasn't doing what the tourists do and I wasn't doing what the Old Pros at finding the Real Paris do and I wasn't particularly doing what the students do. I was just messing around like it was Chicago.

▪ As a matter of fact about all I really *was* doing was walking about the town just looking at nothing at all and thinking it was all marvelous because it was Paris and every once in a while coming across some peculiar little thing that signified it was Paris like an exhibit of antique mechanical toys I happened across in a gallery in the Faubourg St. Honore. The gallery itself was a long narrow dark room with dim blue lights which gave you the sensation of having stepped in the Cabinet of Dr. Caligari but once your eyes became accustomed to the atmosphere it turned out to be a very charming exhibit of antique toys set up behind a long counter. At regular intervals a shaky old toymaker came groping his way along and very carefully wound up all the toys and set them moving and playing like a million little jeweled music boxes, the shepherdess counting her sheep, the

acrobats doing handstands, and the mouse orchestra scraping painfully away at their instruments. The gallery was crowded with polite little children of the kind who go regularly to fortnightly dancing class and wear little white gloves but when the toys began to operate they all went wild with excitement and ran along the counter crying regardez, Maman, regardez. It was a rare sensation seeing them so excited and still speaking this perfect, fluid and facile French.

So anyway I used to take endless long walks all over the town, most of the time ending up way on the other side of Paris somewhere and on this one particular afternoon I ended up on that boulevard that goes past the Rodin Museum. I didn't go into the Rodin Museum because I just didn't particularly feel like it, in fact I never did get to that museum somehow, but I was walking *past* there when suddenly a woman came rushing up in an agitated state of mind.

▪ I don't know why it is that one minute everything is going along cool, calm and collected and the next minute there you are knee-deep in a mud pond but all of a sudden up came this woman and mademoiselle, she said, rolling the newspaper she held in her hands into a tight little scroll and wringing it out like it was a piece of washing, vous parlez Francais? Well, actually, my French consisted of Remi est un enfant de dix ans and things like that and I should have left it that way but instead the next thing I knew I was involved in a flowing French conversation. She had, it would seem, a very great trouble and I had a feeling it was going to cost me money. This Paris was truly a formidable place was it not, she said, is it not that you think so?

She was quite a pleasant-looking, older woman, fresh and plump as the French writers say when they are describing the country servant wenches, and she was wearing an unbecoming brown suit with a short straight skirt like the kind you used to see at USO dances during the war. I can't set forth an itemized description of the woman like you might get in a Thomas Mann novella or something, and I can't etch in the jeweled details of an enamel miniature of the woman because the truth of the matter is that I don't remember too well exactly what she *did* look like. She was just principally a healthy-looking woman.

Another difficulty was that making sense of her conversational French was like distilling radium out of a ton of ore so that many of the fine points eluded me but I finally gathered that she had only just arrived in Paris for the first time in twelve years and had barely set foot in the railroad station when all of her luggage, purse and money included, had been stolen, had vanished, had disappeared, poof just like that. I told her she should go to the police and tell *them* her story, that much seemed simple enough, but she put her foot down on the suggestion by explaining to me that all French police are crooks. No, she said, all that she required of me was the name of a hotel which was not too expensive. When I protested, but is it not that you have not of the money, she became so violently upset that I who hate scenes suggested we go somewhere and have some tea and figure the problem out quietly. The thing is I was pretty sure I was, to use the idiom, being conned and I was a little miffed at being chosen from out of the crowd as a choice type for the victim. Also I was wondering if just possibly there might not really be a railroad station nearby.

Well we didn't have much to say to one another as we crossed over to the cafe nearby, she being occupied with wringing out her newspaper and I with figuring out why she had to choose me. Frankly I was also looking forward to a cup of tea and I was thinking I'd just as soon not have anything more pressing to think about for a while than which kind of cake to have but it turned out it was one of those cafes where all they had was very dry pound cake wrapped in cellophane like you get in a Walgreen's or something. Not that I'm so avid for cakes but I thought it would add a nice touch if I could say the waiter wheeled in a pastry cart of eclairs and glace macaroons.

▪ However, as it was after she had wolfed down a couple of cups of tea and picked the raisins out of the raisin cake, we resumed this terrible French we were speaking. I once again set forth the old dog-eared suggestion that perhaps the idea which is best is the idea to go to the police but she said no, no, no, she did not wish to become enmeshed in official processes as it would take a week just to fill out the various forms for complaint and all she really needed was the name of a place to stay for the night because tomorrow she was expecting a large sum of money from her husband in Nice. But she could not get the money until tomorrow. Well I know as much as the next person about no man being an island entire of itself but it just so happened that I'd been in Nice the week before so I asked her these very cagy questions about the town which she answered promptly and with stunning accuracy which only confused me more as now I didn't know if that meant she really *had* only just come from Nice or that she really *was* a sharpy. Either way I was pretty sure she had me, but the thing is you hate to be naive.

Another thing is, if you are going to be taken you hate it to be with such a hokey story. Groaning inwardly, as they say, I told her I truly desired to

render aid but I didn't have much of the money myself. She was positively astounded that I should think she would take *money* from me. NO, she said proudly, chin up, looking bravely across the street, she would sell her bijou. You should have seen her bijou. I told her it was really too bad I didn't have any money but the truth was I was a student who had planned to stay longer in Paris but my money had given out and so I had to go home immediately tomorrow. Whereupon she produced an idea which idea was for me to lend her money for one night in Paris and then tomorrow she would give me money to stay a week because tomorrow she was expecting a large sum of money from her husband in Nice. Well I had just about decided that I couldn't just leave her there anyhow in case she really was stranded altho I doubted it, because sometimes I just feel that all women ought to stick together, in fact sometimes it strikes me that all humans ought to stick together not that the animals are much of a threat anymore but everything is so terribly complicated sometimes.

So all I gave her was around three dollars because I really *didn't* have any money and I asked her if she comprehended the Claridge Hotel and to meet me there tomorrow at five so she could give me all this money for the week. Then I said that maybe I had better begin looking for a bus because I didn't know just where I was and I'll say this much for her she didn't just drop me when we got out on the street again but walked me to the bus and stood by to see me off. Au Claridge she called as the bus left. Au Claridge I answered gaily.

▪ Next day, of course, I went round to the Claridge at the appointed hour. Because if she thought I lived there she was wrong. It's probably the most boring looking hotel in Paris but someone once told me that Colette used to live there which gave it a *little* more personality and I liked to sit in the cafe next door and think of Colette coming out of that front door with the plank set down onto the Champs Elysees so they could roll luggage up the little step into the hotel easier. In all these years they hadn't yet figured out a little more elegant arrangement. So I sat there eating coffee ice-cream because they have very good coffee ice-cream there and pretty soon along came a man in black with a face like a white frog and he bowed very formally and asked me if I would like to go for a ride in his automobile and I said, no I didn't think so I was waiting for a friend so he went quietly on his way but my friend never showed up.

And you know, I really thought she would. Actually I don't know how I could think so with that pale horse pale rider story of hers but all I thought when she didn't show was who knows what happened because the way I speak French who knows *what* time I told her and anyhow I didn't wait too long. I was going to see *Faust* at the Opera with two sweet old Scotch ladies I had met who looked like Tweedledum and Tweedledee but all I remember of *Faust* now is that the devil had a red jewel pasted in the corner of each eye. They are great for little touches like that, the French are.

Of course you are probably thinking well that isn't much of an adventure to tell about having in Paris but as I said I am not particularly trying to set the world on fire. I just wanted to tell you about this woman because she really taught me a most subtle little lesson. Because the whole thing of it is that if you are the kind of person who thinks people will show up the next day nothing will change you, not even the fact of their not showing. Not to get too symbolical, because you still have to watch your step and everything, but wouldn't it have been a marvelous thing if she had turned up with a hatful of money. I mean, after all, the innate goodness of man and all that sort of thing.

OLD TOWN HOLIDAY FAIR

The Old Town Triangle is a three-cornered neighborhood bounded by Ogden and North avenues and Clark street. It was settled early by German population, more recently by southern European groups, and still more recently by a more-or-less conservative bohemian element made up of more-or-less successful artists, writers, musicians and people in similar fields. It's an atmospheric segment of the city, with the yesteryear houses in an artistic state of preservation which has been ingeniously blended into the patio pattern of life preferred by the contemporary dwellers.

The big event every year in the Triangle is the Old Town Holiday Arts & Crafts Fair (fifth annual this year, the weekend of June 12-13, or in case of rain June 19-20), which serves two major neighborhood causes. The Menomonee Club, for the area's boys and girls, gets 60% of its support from the Triangle and most of that from the fair. The artists and artisans of the area exhibit their work at the fair (200 exhibitors last year), and do a brisk business with the thousands of visitors who come to the fair from all over the city for a gay summer outing.

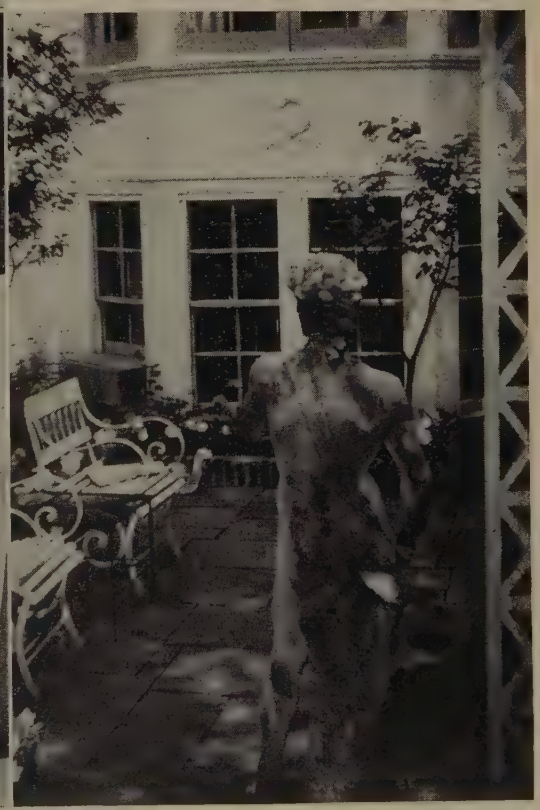
Each exhibitor in the Fair is required to donate one piece of his work for auction, and it's at the auction that most of the Menomonee Club's funds for the year are raised. At left, Sheriff John Babb at the gavel in last year's auction.

The Old Town fair is the largest of the few similar street fairs that are held in the city and suburbs. The streets are roped off for the occasion, and everything from life size sculpture to cuff links is racked up along the curbs.

Crowds stall-shopping in the streets can vary their activity by going on the Garden Walk thru prize-winning patios and gardens. They can buy beer and other refreshments from the concession stands, can get their portraits sketched for a dollar, or can go to open house in the nearby Buddhist temple, where tea and fortune cookies are served against a background of tinkling Japanese music on records.

Many of the exhibits, as at left, are simply tables with the wares displayed. Ceramics, jewelry and other small items are for sale on the table shown, with a display of paintings typically posted for sale in the background.

Painters display their work tacked to walls or fences, tacked to the bark of trees, leaning against the curb or propped on stairways; below left, paintings are clothespinned to a bamboo blind. A prize winner among patios is the one, below right, of the Earl Perrault home. The photograph was taken from a window looking onto the patio and over the shoulder of a Diana. The urban necessity to do much with little space has given rise to some resourceful and refreshing effects in this neighborhood of artists; there are elegant small courtyards like this one, tiny garden plots on treebanks, and in general there is a trend, in wrought iron and windowboxes, toward a New Orleans mood. But most of the Old Town houses, which give the area its name, are pure Chicago eclectic.



SEE HOW THEY RUN

By Beverly Fields

Illustrated by Harry Gans

▪ Summer stock companies began to bud in the late Thirties and early Forties. Actors' Equity figures go back only as far as 1948, when there were 130 such companies in the United States. In 1953 there were 139, a slight drop from the blossom year of 1950 when there were 152.

No place in the country, however, according to Equity, is there such a concentrated burgeoning of summer theater activity as there is in this area. The eastern straw-hat circuit is many times larger than the midwestern, but its theaters are widely spread over several states. Within a 30-mile radius of the Loop there are seven theaters, and a 60-mile drive to Marengo makes it eight. (There are seven Loop theaters available for professional dramatic productions the year around, but sometimes more than half of them are dark; and in the summer there may be only one running).

▪ All the summer theaters drive their stakes as far from the center of the city as possible, and most of them flourish under the protective wings of good restaurants. One factor that may send these theaters to the suburbs is that Actors' Equity enforces a rule that any theater within 25 miles of the Loop must hire an all-Equity company, and most summer theaters try to reduce their budgets by getting a certain number of young actors — usually students — to work as apprentices with no pay. Apprentices don't get to play in performances, except for an occasional chance to do a walk-on; their work is pretty much confined to the technical crews. Three theaters — Drury Lane, Music Theater and Shady Lane — don't use apprentices at all, for their own reasons that have nothing to do with the Equity rule. Once in a while, Equity will see fit to suspend the rule in favor of a company in special circumstances, as it did last year to help East Eden get started.

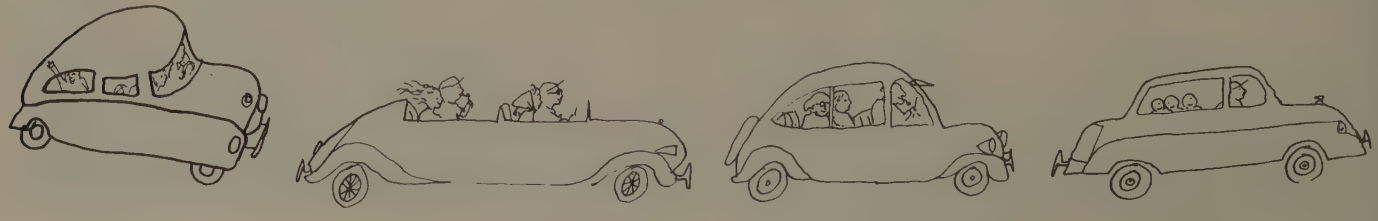
▪ Another reason for outlying locations, aside from the obvious fact of a pleasant and congenial landscape, seems to be the conviction among producers that the average summer theater-goer is a car-driving, family-bearing animal that likes to escape from the city to have dinner in the country someplace and maybe see a play if one is handy.

"Summer theater is a lark," one producer said to me. "Summer audiences don't demand much of a production — they're just glad to get out in the country."

This opinion of the summer audience isn't articulated so directly by most producers, but circumstances indicate it is one that many of them hold. Some of them pitch their tents under the very eaves of established restaurants, presumably to make sure that the course of the dining-out customer isn't deflected to different entertainment. And of course it works both ways; restaurant owners become theatrical producers on the theory that the audience wants to eat first. A very few really try to provide as good a production as is possible under the somewhat strenuous conditions of summer theater.

Producers are not quite evenly divided on what is for them the burning issue of the star system versus the resident repertory company. Music Theater, Salt Creek and Drury Lane are nourished by the belief that the local populace will dance in the streets at the prospect of seeing anything at all so long as a familiar and important name heads the cast. Highland Park and Park Forest Tenthouse, Chevy Chase, East Eden and Shady Lane have resident companies with no stars.

▪ For Music Theater in Highland Park, the star idea is a new credo, very likely inspired by the management's heady enthusiasm following the appearance of Mia Slavenska in its theater last year. Music Theater plays in a tent that seats 1,300, and performs light opera and musical



comedy exclusively. It is operated by the North Shore Community Opera association, of which the president is Benedict K. Goodman and the vice president is Frank Hutchins. Mr. Goodman's other business interests appear to be legion; the Evans Realty Company in Evanston is the most prominent. Mr. Hutchins owns the Villa Moderne, a restaurant and bar in Highland Park, and leases part of the Villa Moderne property to Music Theater.

When I went around to call on Mr. Goodman I found him, wearing a tweed suit and a green tie, in a large pine-panelled office on the top floor of the Carlson building which he owns, in Evanston.

"What most people don't know about Music Theater," Mr. Goodman said, "is that the profits are dedicated entirely to civic and community betterment. It is genuinely a non-profit organization."

I asked him why he runs a non-profit theater.

"Because of my love for and my interest in the theater," he said squarely. "Usually theaters of this sort, when not created for profit, come to the public for help thru subscriptions. We do not, because there are just two of us — Frank Hutchins and myself — who underwrite all the losses."

The theater has a resident company of 30 players, drawn from auditions in New York, Chicago and Los Angeles. The music director is Leo Kopp, who conducts the Minneapolis Light Opera in the winter; and the acting and dance director is David Tihmar, a former student of Agnes de Mille.

"Among those we are negotiating with for contracts," he said, "is Dorothy Danridge — you know, the new Lena Horne. Saw her in Las Vegas last winter — she was getting fifteen thousand dollars a week. Let me just find out if I can get ahold of that issue of *Life* —" He swung around and dialed the telephone.

"Hello! Ben Goodman. Say. Can you ascertain and let me know where I can get hold of those magazines with Dorothy Danridge's pictures? There was a cover on *Life* with her? And a cover on *Look*? I wonder if you can ascertain — has she got a publicity man? You mean whether we can arrive at price? We're not more than a thousand dollars off. What's a thousand dollars more or less? Well, I'm not crazy about Don Ameche, but we definitely will want Dorothy Danridge for 'Showboat.' I am sure she will want to be with us because it is a genuine opportunity. Her asking price is two thousand, that's right."

He put the telephone down and looked at me again.

"This is not small theater," he said. "This is big, important theater. Why, we pay our stars more than any other summer theater pays its whole company. Negotiations are going on right now for Don Ameche, Joe E. Brown, Ethel Merman, Paul Lukas, Farley Granger — Farley Granger gets thirty-five hundred dollars — Walter Pidgeon and Joan Blondell."

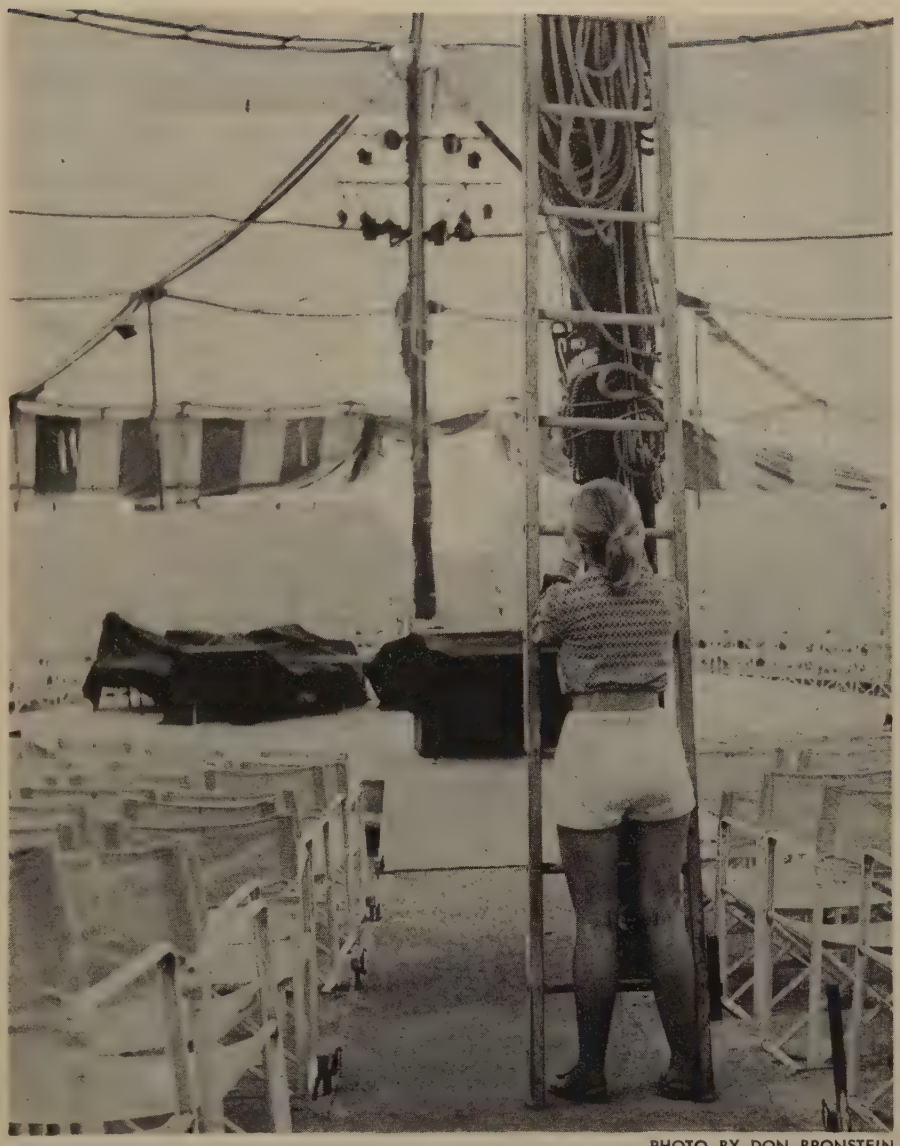


PHOTO BY DON BRONSTEIN

"Is she a pretty good singer?" I asked.

"What's the difference?" Mr. Goodman replied. "She doesn't have to sing. And we don't take any package deals, like some theaters do, where the star moves in with his own director and most of the cast and all the theater does is show the vehicle. No, sir. We produce the show."

I asked him about the bill for this season, and he said the theater will open Friday, June 11, with "Oklahoma!"

"This is the first time Rodgers and Hammerstein have permitted any summer theater to do this show," he said. "I don't know who the star will be yet. The royalties are forty-five

hundred dollars. Just the royalties, not counting what we'll have to pay the star."

▪ Marshall Migatz, producer of Salt Creek, has been profitably engaged in paying the stars for three years. Wearing a sport jacket and a plaid shirt with no tie, Mr. Migatz looked about 18, altho he is probably over 30, at one side or another, as he ordered a roast beef sandwich and a glass of milk in a B and G one Sunday afternoon. There are only two local summer producers who really care about providing the public with good theater, he confided. He is one, he said, and Herb Rogers of Tenthouse is the other.

Mr. Migatz attended the University of Illinois, where he operated a student cabaret, but he didn't learn anything about the theater, he told me, until he went into the army.

"During the war the army set up a university at Biarritz, with a speech department, for five thousand GIs, and that was where it all started," he said. "Guthrie McClintic, Richard Whorf and Mordecai Gurrelik were some of the civilians teaching there, and I learned a lot from all of them."

After the war he spent a year with the American Theater Wing in a veterans' refresher course, working with John van Druten, Kermit Bloomgarden and others. This experience, he said, was "very practical," and in 1949 he began working in Chicago for H. E. Balaban, doing publicity for the Surf theater. It was at this time that the summer theater idea came to him, and in 1950 with the backing of Balaban, Ernest Byfield and Mike Wallace, he established the first summer theater at Chevy Chase country club, which he ran for two seasons. In 1951 he started the Salt Creek theater in Hinsdale.

"We now have 1,500 subscribers," he said, "and we started with half that number the first year."

Salt Creek is housed in an air-conditioned theater that seats 800 and plays movies in the winter. It has a small resident company of actors hired in Chicago and New York, and 12 apprentices. Melvyn Douglas, Ilka Chase, Edward Arnold and Joan Blondell are some of the stars who have played there. Mr. Migatz is particularly proud of the fact that last season Judith Anderson played "Family Portrait," a folksy account of Christ's relatives, written by Lenore Coffee and William Joyce Cowen, and Uta Hagen played Christopher Fry's "The Lady's Not for Burning."

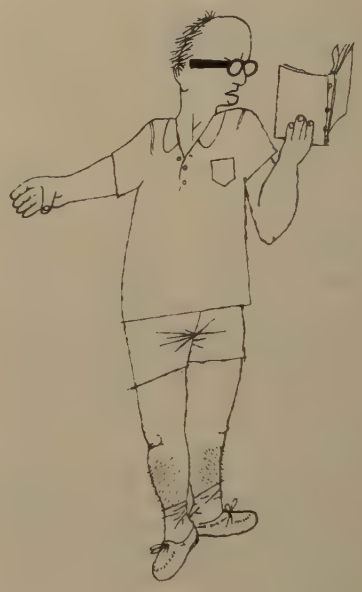
Hiring stars is not all jolly festivities, altho Mr. Migatz thinks it is well worth the trouble. Since most of them would prefer a Broadway or Hollywood contract to a less lucrative run in summer stock, they are apt to put him off until the last possible moment, so that his bill of plays is, as he says, "sometimes set pretty darn late." Last season he was sure of only three plays when he opened.

"There are different kinds of stars," he said, "and they all have different reasons for wanting to play summer stock. Some of them may want to recreate a pet role, or make a comeback, or try out a new play, or maybe play a different kind of part. Some of them are in it for kicks, and some are in it for loot."

▪ The loot is apt to get pretty high from time to time: Judith Anderson got $5,000 for "Family Portrait." Dorothy and Lillian Gish, on the other hand, never ask more than a thousand. But the supporting actors are willing to work for less than their usual price when they have the opportunity to act with performers they respect.

Occasionally a star, true to Mr. Goodman's dark allegation, will bring with him a play of his own choosing, complete with a director and a number of supporting players. Mr. Migatz manages in spite of this to come up with an interesting bill that usually includes a good percentage of plays that have never been done in the Loop. Fourteen of the 34 plays he has produced so far are in this category.

"Each year we try to break away a little from the stock mold," he said,



"and with good results. The Fry play brought out a whole new audience we'd never seen before. I hope to do 'The Taming of the Shrew' this year, and I'd like to do 'The Crucible.'"

In answer to the detractors of the star system, he maintains that the criticism that the stars don't turn up in time for the full six-day rehearsal period with the rest of the cast simply is not true.

Phil Tyrrell, co-producer of Drury Lane on 95th street, which is the third of the summer theaters using the star system, says it is.

"The stars seldom get in in time to rehearse with the whole cast," he told me in his little Loop office with colored pictures of clowns on the walls. "Broadway shows rehearse for seven weeks, road companies try to get by with two or three weeks, but summer theater only has one week of rehearsal and the problem of putting on a show with imported players and a resident company. But the critics treat you the same way they treat Broadway."

▪ Drury Lane is a tent theater with a capacity of 870, and it is next door to the Martinique restaurant, of which Tony de Santis, co-producer of the theater, is proprietor.

Mr. Tyrrell was for 30 years a Keith booker. "I converted from the booking business to the summer theater business in 1949," he said, "but this business isn't really lucrative unless you have five or six theaters going on a circuit." He plans next year to organize a circuit that will include Duluth, Minneapolis, Springfield and Cleveland.

"This is a commercial business," he said, "and people who think otherwise are only kidding themselves. Migatz and Rogers are in it for the art in it – they worry are the stars comfortable and how their sniffles are. My view is strictly commercial. If you get a good name, people will go see that star in a play. Now tell me, are people liable to say, 'Let's go see East Eden tonight,' or will they say, 'Let's go see Mario Lanza?' You know the answer," he said with a grin. "It's obvious."

Last season was his first with Drury Lane, and his biggest box office success was with Margaret O'Brien in "Peg O' My Heart." Miss O'Brien will be back again this year, he told me, probably in "Jenny Kissed Me."

"We are also negotiating with Margaret Truman to do 'See How They Run,'" he said, "and with Taylor Kent and Lois Collier to do 'Boston Blackie.' But some of these stars may wait until May 15 before making a promise, which makes the last few weeks before opening pretty feverish. Our opening date is June 18."

Mr. Tyrrell said Drury Lane tries to keep its bill of plays as new as possible, and that it has invited several young playwrights to submit plays this year.

"When I was with Bill Johnson at Chevy Chase," he said, "Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy brought 'The Fourposter' there after a three-week run in the east that was so discouraging they were ready to throw it away. It was a hit at Chevy Chase, and we had a chance to buy it for forty thousand dollars, but we hesitated three or four days too long. It made a half million dollars on Broadway. Sure, new plays are an experiment, but what if you come up with another 'Fourposter?'"

(This is the first in a series of articles on summer theater.)

WEST OF CHILDHOOD

By Isabella Gardner

West of our childhood rote usurps the rites of spring, the wild sweet
season is an act of year. Uniformed robins hop and tweet
in chorus and culls from showgirls of seed catalogues doll up the view,
embellishing our Garden Homes, while Latin shrubs perform on cue.

A child's fierce focused gaze can wholly enter
and instantly become the bold gold center
of a single crocus, a listening child is fused to the sole voice
of that particular inimitable bird whose red choice
breast is robiner than never, a child perceives
the slow resolving of the one bud to the very leaf of leaves.

East of now and years from Illinois the shout of spring out-rang the dinner bell.
Brother do you remember the walled garden, our dallies in that ding dong dell
where my fistful of violets Mayzed the air we moved through and upon
and a swallow of brook skimmed your tabloid sloop to sea and gone?
North of tomorrow your daughter's daughter's ears will ding with spring, wild
violets will forest in her fist scenting towns of space; and my son's child
(weddings from this suburb) will, with crocus eyes, flower other Mays:
that bud will leaf again, that choice bird sing, and paper boats sail down the robin days.

SHOPPERS' SHOWCASE

From the sketchbook of Dorothy Mylrea

▪ You can have a lot of style on a small budget this summer. That is the story of this collection.

There's both adaptability and ease in these fashions, that makes them right for home and away-from-home activity.

1 Start with the body beautiful and make it more so, with this vari-colored coin dotted swim suit by Cole of California, $12.95. Matching patterned short coat is $9.95. And instead of a hickory limb, use the bamboo cane with its attached beach bag, $4.95. These are from Lytton's.

2 At the Stephanie Shop, Chas. A. Stevens, you will find this romantic two-piece dress for evening hours. It comes in heavenly pastels, black, navy, gray, steel blue and copper-tone antique silk shantung, $45.

3 Sacony's wonder style, keeps its well-deserved lead as the ideal basic dress. It's easy to wear and fun to accessorize. $14.95 at Lytton's.

4 One of the handsomest two-piece dresses we've seen, of cotton honan in a lovely range of cool tones: gray, bronze, blue and mauve. It's only $12.95 at Field's. House and Town section. Observe, too, the glasses, an additional smart note from Uhlemann's; bow-knot frames, $12.

5 Again from Uhlemann's, wheat-trim, rhinestone glitter glasses used as a lovely accessory. $16.

6 Your hair is your most important style feature, come summer time. Mr. Dermott and his assistants, at Chas. A. Stevens, have created these delightful coiffures. From top to bottom, the Sylph Cut, the Maggie, and the

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Whisper Cut. Moreover, his Dermott's Curl Lotion will help you be creative all by yourself. It will bring back your hair's tendency to curl, and give you the natural look you love. Just $1.50 plus federal tax. Two more beauty aids to keep you glowing this season are Mary Imogene Shepherd's wonderful Baby Skin oil and soap.

7 It's exciting to see the appearance of this dashing item! One of the best of a good collection of trench coats at The Fair, it comes in natural, blue, white and navy, with color harmony in the coin dot lining. $35. Glasses by Uhlemann's, black and white frames, $8.

8 From the House and Town section at Field's, this find for patio, town or travel: a dramatic black, gray and white broomstick pleated cotton at $10.95.

9 An Italian hat and bag duo that is completely delightful . . . all kinds of brilliant color in the vegetables that adorn the straw crown; $12.95. The wicker bag that completes this conversation piece is $20. Both at Carson's.

10 Also from Carson's, one of the freshest sportswear offerings we've seen . . . the bloomer and halter combination in flower-twigged chambray. The skirt of matching pattern ties around the waist and makes a charming ensemble. These are from a collection of separates by Glen of Michigan, and there are, as well, plain pink and blue denims and stripes shown. The romper-suit is $10.95 and the skirt, $10.95.

11 When these grow up they'll be your favorite accessory! You'll be wearing sea shell jewelry and Chanel influenced "beads," this season.

12 At Chandler's we found a lovely range of footwear, and chose these from the group. The first is a pink denim with a tailored note in button front and back; $6.99. The other one is black patent and is right with leisure or street clothes; $5.99.

13 "Waltz-time" strapless bra by Goddess, perfect for all necklines, and you get waistline whittling as well. Garters are attached to the long-line bra, $5.95 at Fay Nettler's.

Mandel's has the Petti-sol of nylon net that stows away so nicely in closet or trunk. It comes in white, red and blue, with contrasting color ric-rac on its many ruffles. Hip-hugging, but the flare is where you want it for the stand-out skirts.

14 The hosiery story features Knee-High sheers for complete coolness, $1.15. Here is a fine sportswear item, socks of Kling Krepe, a nylon yarn super-resilient but minus elastic. In soft bon-bon colors and whitest white. $.79 pr., from Neumode.

15 Of Helenka yarn, a fit-all panty that packs away in a tiny tube-like case. At Mandel's, $2.50, in pastel colors.

16 The Pixie-Pants, Ruffi-cotton one piece numbers, as cute as the name implies. Shocking pink tops with black pants, lime and dark green, and turquoise striped top with solid turquoise below. At Mandel's, $3.99.

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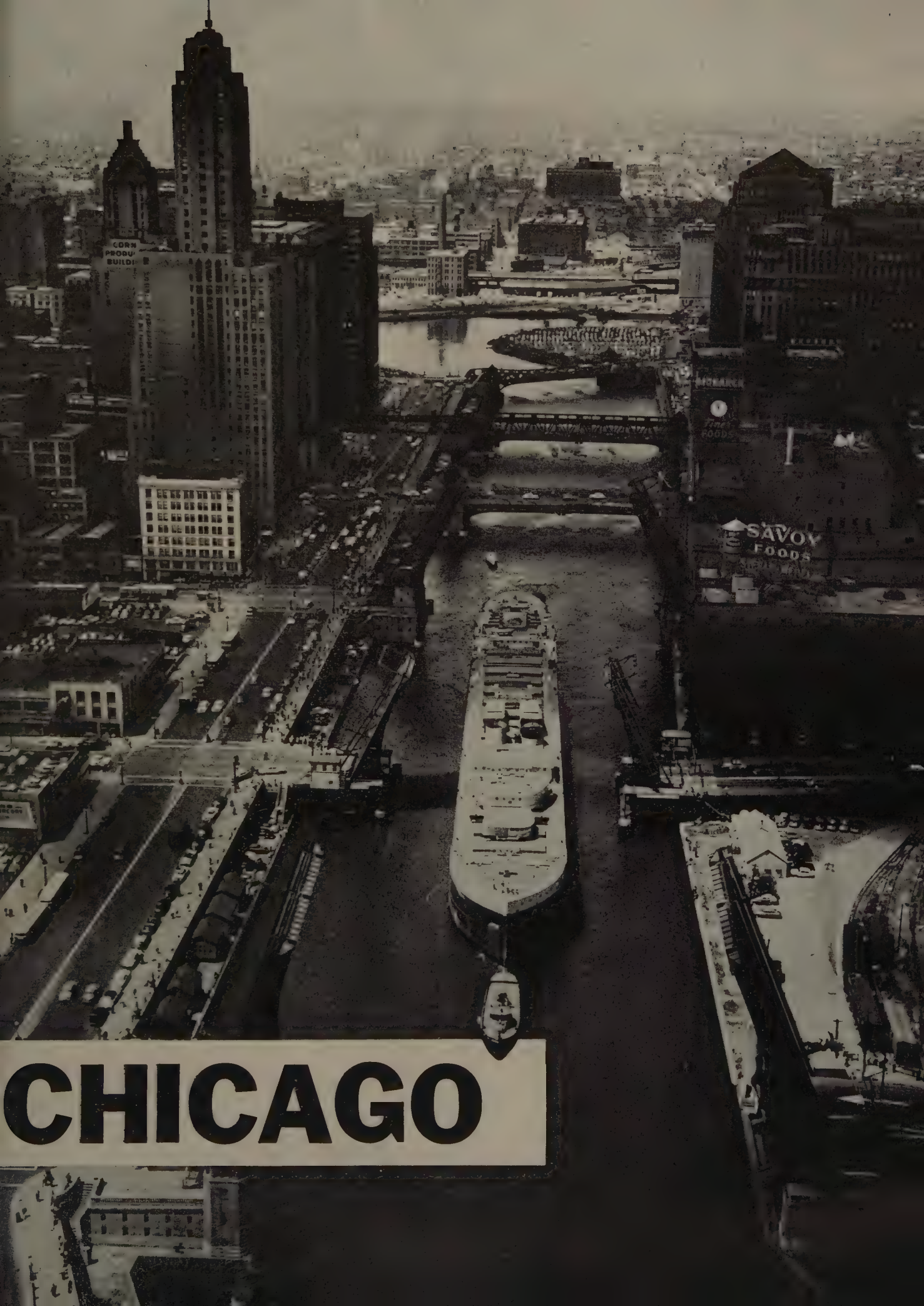
16

Designed by Louis Matis

An artist among photographers is conspicuous, as an artist is conspicuous in any craft: he is imaginative and has taste. Such an artist is Russell V. Hamm, who has been photographing Chicago since the late Twenties. The art of the camera in the last 20 years has developed into a few recognizably different schools: 1) *romantic* photography: the subjects are usually beautiful and symmetrical, and are as idealized as the medium permits. 2) *realistic* photography: detailed record, with fine points the eye could never grasp in its natural glance. 3) *impressionist* and *surrealist* photography (only now emerging from the realm of experiment) — mood pieces, usually symbolic subjects, sometimes using techniques such as blurred focus or distortion. Russ Hamm's art is realistic in technique: his deep-focus pictures contain a Breughel-like completeness of detail. But his subjects are romantic: he presents the idealized lighthouse, the archtype of a leaf-laden summer tree. And the tragedy in Russ Hamm's photographs is beautiful rather than stark. The dead animals are aligned in poetic perspective; in the study of the destroyed mansion the emphasis is on the classic arch instead of the rubble. Heartfelt to the point of idealism, and conservative, as art can be conservative, is

RUSS HAMM'S

THE WEST SIDE for miles to the horizon is visible in this unusually deep-focus photograph from the top of Lincoln Tower. The State, Dearborn and Clark street bridges are up in the foreground, as a 2-block-long converted lake boat is towed east to open water.



CHICAGO

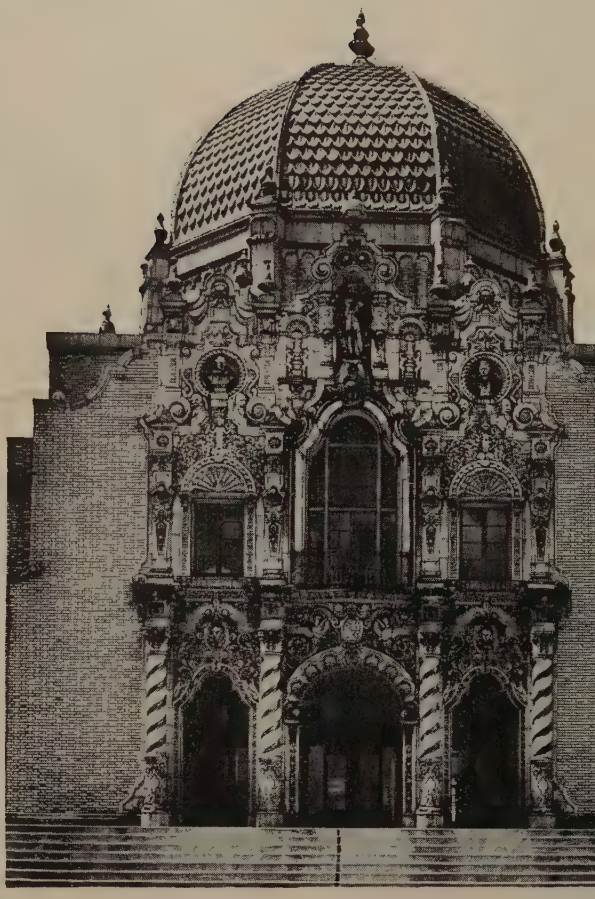
BY THE INLAND SEA, the lighthouse and keeper's cottage at Grosse Point in Evanston has the mood of the Maine coast. The lighthouse is on a lakeside bluff, down which runs a steep stairway to the sands at lake's edge.

GONE IS THE GRANDEUR of the Edith Rockefeller McCormick town house at 1000 Lake Shore drive. Where the mansion was razed there now rises a skycraper apartment building. The stark fact of demolition is stated by the view thru and around the noble old entrance, the mansion's profile stolen by a youngster, the Palmolive building of 1929.

THE BIG DIPPER, in the South Chicago mills of United States Steel Company, is controlled by one man in an overhead cab. The lead bucket full of molten metal works on a pulley principle and empties with dramatic swiftness. Sunlight shafts slanting at right are dimmed in comparison with the white-hot metal splashing to the ground and into the maw of a mold.

BESIDE THIS CITY LIES THE LAKE, pristine and elemental, in utter contrast to the intense civilization on its shore. For a century artists have been attracted to it. This photographic record of high waves, with the North skyline seen from Foster avenue, brought Russ 160 letters when it was published in the Tribune.

CLEANED HOGS, suspended by tendons of their rear legs, are inspected by a federal official in the Swift plant at the stock yards. Next step is butchering.



SPANISH RENAISSANCE ON THE WEST SIDE, the gold-domed administration building in Garfield Park has a rococo carved marble and metal face, unbelievably embellished with cherubs, gargoyles and a pell-mell arrangement of Greek and Byzantine symbols.

ARCADIA AROUND THE CORNER is Humboldt Park, well inside the city, at Augusta boulevard and Sacramento avenue. The park occupies 207 acres in lagoons, islands, hills and wooded areas.

How Moo

Began To Shine

By Herbert Gold

Illustrated by Jack Nelson

▪ Once upon a not faraway time there lived in Cleveland, Ohio, two disc jockeys malcontent in love and wearied by power over high school girls, and there came also to this place a singer named Timmy Moon. He was made happy by himself, luminous as a tail light in this worship.

"It's old Timmy Moon, ja-ever?" Gord Chipping asked. "This week only at Old Oppie's Place."

"Who he?" requested Hal Madeleine.

"Timmy? Why, sings bettern a tellyphone," informed Gord Chipping. "Fabulous. Crazy. The very end."

"I must owe it to the kids to take a look in person," said Hal Madeleine. "Oppie likes me to."

The two disc jockeys thrived by spinning records for the radio, the intimate combo jazz, the fine pop number, this one will send you. They said: "Buy Muntz Teevee!" — and their Hooperish darlings moved like somnambules to the telephone to command a free demonstration. They said: "Buy Greengrass Chlorophyl!" — and troops of the faithful went a-browsing in their nearest drugstores for the breath-sweetener, nature's own, which insures fame, fortune and a place by the side of Gregory Peck in his finest hit. Secretly the two disc jockeys were murmuring thru all this: "Buy me! I'm Gord Chipping." Or: "Buy me! I'm Hal Madeleine."

Oppie had saved a table for them. "Hiya hiya," he said to each, shrugged and pointed. In the corridor leading to the men's, Timmy Moon was getting ready for his first set by working his jaw and wiping the corners of his mouth with the finger which he saved for that purpose.

"Is *that* your Timmy," Hal demanded. "Say it isn't so, Gord."

"Ain't much on looks, brains, personality, talent," Gord said staunchly, "but he's loyal to his agent."

Hal held his Windsor knot and stared. Oppie waved away the waitress with the first check. Hal sighed. "So it's all true," he said at last. "First Artie Shaw writes a book, now this."

Gord Chipping, whose vibrant and sincere voice was a joy to his mother and the pride of Muntz, had grown weary of selling himself to the cute-lipped shrieking belles of Central High who dropped their tribute in the form of gum on the studio floors. Hal Madeleine, whose hearty laugh and training in elocution evoked the dignity of chlorophyl and compelled the dialage of the sweet-breathed panters, was languishing before the

(Continued on page 60)

LARRY
KLEIN

Barney and his Keglers

By Robert Cromie

Illustrated by Larry Klein

▪ If you've ever bowled more than a dozen frames, you've undoubtedly heard of the "Junior Individual Bowling Classic," probably under its more familiar name, Barney's Tournament. If you're any good at all, you may have considered entering it yourself. But if you're *too* good, forget it. You're not eligible, and the chances are astronomical that Barney knows it, right down to the 230 game that brought your 1949 league average up to 190.

The Junior Individual Bowling Classic is an annual affair open to bowlers who have not, in the last five years, bowled higher than 186 in any league. It began in 1941, when 512 entrants competed for a total purse of $5,120. This year's party, now in progress at the Cascade Bowling Center on Madison street, drew 5,344 contestants, each of whom paid from $17 to $20 for the privilege of going after some part of $70,000.

▪ If you have a cynical turn of mind, you may question the sincerity of a wrestler's howl. But if you know Barney, you won't doubt the bona-fide, under-186 mediocrity of any of his prize winners. And if you yourself try to conceal an aptitude greater than that and enter the tournament, you will almost inevitably end up with your name in the paper followed by the word "disqualified," exposing you as a wretch wherever the names Brunswick-Balke-Collander are revered.

Barney Hochstadter sees to that. Barney thought up the tournament, organized it, and owns it. He also has, perhaps, a little more than the average man's distaste for being gulled or bilked, and a healthy awareness that nothing could harm his tournament more than a suspicion that chiselers could get into it. As a result, he has developed methods of detecting the unworthy that amount to second sight, and it is a sanguine ringer indeed who believes he can get anything more than exercise out of the Junior Classic.

That distinctive facet of the American scene, the Bowling League, is what makes it possible for Barney to be omniscient about bowlers' averages. Any fair-to-middling kegler is bound to drift or be drawn into a league team. His league secretary then faithfully records his scores, and publishes them in newspapers and/or a yearbook. Barney — depend on it — finds these records.

▪ In a filing system kept in his one-room office upstairs at the Cascade Bowling Center, headquarters for the Junior classic since 1949, Barney lists close to 30,000 names, with pertinent data. These include all entrants to his tournament, and everyone else in the area who has ever averaged 186 or better in a sanctioned league.

Barney also maintains close liaison with secretaries of bowling leagues in at least 60 other major cities, so that the status of a suspected prize winner can be determined in short order. And the office has yearbooks from many

towns nearby, in which are listed the averages of every league bowler in those communities.

Tipsters play an important role in the Hochstadter espionage system, and several of his more important "catches" came as the result of a word or a note from some irate bowler who objected to being beaten by an entrant he knew to be dishonest.

▪ One highly effective fence against the alley wolves is a tournament provision that before anything more important than a squad prize (at most $25) is paid, there must be in Barney's hands an affidavit, duly notarized, from the secretary of all leagues in which the winner has competed during the past five seasons. This must show that the bowler in question had an average below 186 for league play during that period.

As proof that this method works, Barney still has in his office seven unclaimed checks from the 1951 tourney and seven from 1952, ranging in amount from $10 to $70.

"Either they can't get their league secretaries to make out those sworn affidavits," Barney says grimly, "or the guys know they're wrong and won't ask for them."

Hochstadter estimates he has caught between 180 and 200 chiselers. He uses the word without discrimination to include deliberate cheaters and those who err inadvertently.

And he is well aware of how good an advertisement his policing tactics are. For several years now the list of prize winners, printed in its entirety at the conclusion of each tournament, has carried also the names of winners disqualified and the amount forfeited by each. This has made genuine culprits angrier than ever, Barney finds, but has drawn nothing but compliments from the honest thousands who take part.

The years have given Barney the same attitude found in any honest cop.

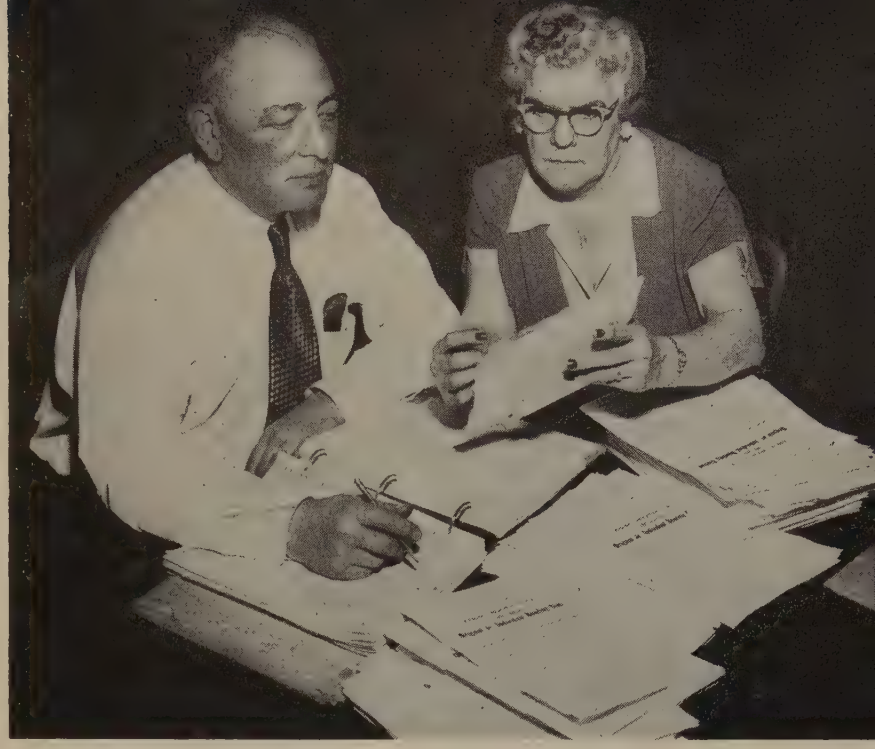
"It's a certain amount of satisfaction to catch those guys," he admits, "if you don't give a damn who they are."

Even what might seem an absurd precaution – marking on the entry blank and prize affidavits whether league scores were made right or left handed – turned out to be a wise one. This was made strikingly apparent a few years ago when a right-handed bowler's score was checked against the entry blank and it was found that while his league average was a permissible one, it was made left-handed. Barney, assuming that the man rolled as a southpaw all season solely for the purpose of qualifying for the Hochstadter, promptly disqualified him.

Assuming a bowler wins all possible prizes, he would collect $10,525 for an entry fee of $20 and the expenditure of about three hours' time. Since this is an even more attractive proposition than making nine straight passes at craps, which would bring approximately the same return for a comparable initial risk, it is easy to see why some of those barred by Barney are irked.

▪ Barney's wife, with whom he once won the Chicago Daily News Husband-Wife tournament, shares his detestation of genuine chiselers.

"I could knock 'em all in the head," she says. "There'll be a lot of them thrown out this year if I have anything to say about it. Those fellows who win $25 or $30 every year should be out, too. Why should they cheat the little guys? To me a tournament isn't a success unless I bag half a dozen."



Hochstadter was born in Chicago 58 years ago, set pins as a lad, and after serving in World War I began working for the Universal bowling alley at Milwaukee and North avenues. He helped organize a few leagues and averaged about 195 in one of them. In 1926 he had an idea for running a tournament in five classes, to lure more bowlers, and sold it to the old *Post*.

The event, known as the Evening Post's No-Entry Fee tournament, drew about 1,800 the first year and 5,400 the fifth and last. All the bowlers paid, for a chance at a total purse of $2,500, was $1.25 for use of the alleys.

The *Post* folded in 1932, and Hochstadter went to work for Ray (Cracker) Schalk, former White Sox catcher and manager, at the Schalk-Stevenson alleys — again running a tournament, this time for the *Southtown Economist*, which drew 2,900 entries the first year. Then he got his own alley, and with Mrs. Hochstadter's encouragement the Junior Classic came into being.

▪ Barney's bowlers come largely from Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio and Iowa, but he's had entrants from Wyoming, Arizona, Louisiana, New York, New Jersey, Nevada, and enough other states to total 27, as well as from Vancouver, B.C.

No Junior Classic bowler ever has rolled a perfect 300 game. The highest is 289 and the lowest, so far as Barney can recall, 90. The top winning score was 1,728, or 31 pins per game over the winner's 185 average. The lowest (non-winning) series was about 960, an average of 120. The lowest league average held by an entrant was 141, and Barney finds that almost without exception bowlers who just reach or barely top their league averages in the Junior Classic make the same remark: "I bowled lousy."

No lefthander ever has won the Hochstadter, although a southpaw from Pittsburgh once finished fourth. This particular chap had developed a habit, after completing his tenth frame, of touching the foul line with his toe to indicate that the pinboy should rack the pins. He did this during the tournament and it cost him nine pins as a technical foul. Barney feels he probably has given up the habit by now.

Ages of the competitors vary from 16 to the 70s. The 16 year old, incidentally, did very well his first year but thereafter boosted his league average to inadmissible heights. Some septuagenarians have won a little. Other entrants are handicapped by being deaf mutes, by the loss of an arm or leg, or by other bodily defects. Some, who are unable to take the usual run to the foul line, simply stand still, swing an arm and let fly.

▪ Barney has no way of knowing the income bracket in which his patrons belong, but says: "It doesn't matter if you're a banker or a clerk if you can bowl on a par with someone else. Bowling is democratic, more or less."

Jack Ripple, Barney's publicity man, remembers one youngster from St. Louis who showed up so broke he couldn't put down a one dollar deposit on the shoes he requested. Ripple and the girl in charge waived the deposit, the fellow bowled, grinned, and departed, still broke.

"I was pulling for him like hell," says Ripple, "but he didn't do anything. He didn't care. He was young."

Women are not eligible to roll in the Junior Classic.

"I have enough trouble with the men," says Barney, "why should I invite women, too?"

SEASON TO TASTE

By Eleanor Langdon and Jeannette Oates

Illustrated by Frankie Woolf

▪ High on a bluff overlooking Lake Michigan is an abandoned manor house, its massive frame gutted by fire a few years ago and now surrounded by tangled growth, wild roses, hyacinths and songbirds. Adjoining it is a crabapple orchard and a field of daisies and browneyed Susans. It's the perfect place for a picnic and probably not more than a dozen persons have ever stumbled on to this lost stretch of wooded ravine with its stray white birches and sheer drop to a fine sand beach below. Perhaps the toppling gate with its faded "No Trespassing" sign does the trick and maybe it's because it's off the beaten path. At any rate this property, vacant for twenty years before the fire, is located north of Lake Forest and at the end of a dirt road from the town known as Rockland on our early Chicago atlas.

Rockland, the town gouged with deep heavily wooded ravines, started as a Methodist revival camp and many of its houses, clinging precariously to the side of a ravine, don't make sense architecturally but add up to a Hansel and Gretel village of unpremeditated charm. This ideal picnic spot is down the road from the last house in the village, built at the time of the Civil War and topped with a widow's walk. Beyond is the well-kept farm of one of the state's leading dairies. Now, with this as a starter, you have the clues to Arcadia and a day's adventure. If you can find it, it's yours — haunted house, deserted beach and all — if not, you'll have fun trying.

The trek of urban dwellers to the country, armed with picnic hamper or charcoal broiler and ice chest, has already started.

The meal spread out on the beach, in the picnic grove, or in one's own back yard tastes twice as good as indoors and may be as simple or elaborate as the occasion demands.

We'll start with some fancy fare prepared by a South Side catering service which has built an enviable reputation in the 15 years its owner, Miss Julie B. Wood, has been preparing her Southern specialties. Miss

Wood explains that she cooks anything requested according to personal preference but today, due to shortage of trained help, prefers to have customers pick up what she prepares.

▪ She'll make her lobster, shrimp or turkey salad at $5.25 a quart and plenty for a jolly foursome, or she'll pack it in gallon containers. Hot turkey with mushrooms, or hot lobster, is priced the same. A roasted turkey (all butter used in everything including superlative stuffing and gravy), prime ribs, sweet-sour meat balls, filet of beef and barbecues are included in the extensive list of entrees. A seafood platter with lobster, trout, shrimp, olives and eggs is popular, as is the large clove-studded baked ham, hot or cold. And in the hors d'oeuvres department the assortment runs the gamut from finger sandwiches to chicken livers and bacon. Or she will make regular sandwiches of beef, ham, turkey or tongue. Desserts include a fifteen-egg angel food cake — all cakes are made with butter — and schaune torte, schnecken and pastries, baked to order. Rolls and coffee and cream by the gallon make it simple to assemble a feast for the country. Miss Wood requires a deposit, and her telephone number is KEnwood 6-6915.

▪ A little less heady fare may be gathered at the fancy food markets. On Division street is a food shop with brown pumpernickel for meal-size sandwiches measuring almost 12 inches in diameter and sold sliced by the pound from a loaf some three or four feet long. On Rush street there is an excellent French bakery with croissants, certainly as good on a country road as in town. This shop also sells artichoke hearts in jars.

On your meanderings you might look for Four Corners, on Route 22 not far from Half Day. A friend who collects antiques tells of the antique shop run by two farm women who serve a simple luncheon more as a friendly gesture than as a business. Visitors share strawberries from the garden or whatever is in season. This spot is across from a country store and worth tracking down.

▪ Before we forget — what has been known in the lexicon of the younger generation as the "Secret Garden" — a walled garden with flagstone terraces and stone benches grouped around a pool — will open June 1, according to Mary Ann Warner of the Art Institute. Miss Warner said the garden will be enlarged this year and, as in other summers, tea will be served in the afternoon with dainty sandwiches, salads, excellent pastries and those marvelous frappes. This is the spot that completely excludes the traffic noises. Flies sometimes, but who can't endure an occasional fly in such a delightful place, where time almost stands still? This is not a place to go if you are the fidgeting type with one eye on your watch.

A true gourmet should have the time of his life visiting the fascinating and diversified South Water Market, which at sunrise abounds with farmers and, a little later, with the commission men and the train, truck and air cargo from all over the world. There are fruits and vegetables one never ordinarily sees, and in lettuce alone there are more than twenty varieties. Try a few garden fresh baby zucchini from here, sliced paper thin and unpeeled, tossed in boiling salted water and cooked only a few minutes until tender, with butter added and lightly seasoned. Has a flavor delicate enough for the most finicky.

▪ This month Riccardo's opens its sidewalk cafe on the lower end of Rush street. Here the usual luncheon is the very good chicken or shrimp salad bowl and a bottle of chilled wine. And Le Petit Gourmet, a year-around favorite, serves under large umbrellas in the Italian Court.

The Diana Court building restaurant, with its tables flanking the fountain, is seldom disappointing. The food is good, the atmosphere well-bred. Small sticky caramel rolls and toothsome desserts that still appeal to those gentle diners whose sense of balance doesn't require a calorie chart. This is an especially happy choice for career girls who want an early dinner and a low tab. It's under the same management as The Milk Pail near Dundee. Only objection: it closes early.

For those merry diners and conventioneers who are always looking for a word-of-mouth place, not far removed from the old time hangouts that had sawdust on the floor, there's Gene and Georgetti's on Franklin street and Grand avenue. Steaks and steak sandwiches recommended.

For those who enjoy pointing out landmarks, the mahogany bar and crystal chandelier at the Brevoort Hotel was moved from the World's Columbian Exposition.

Another landmark is the old ice cream parlor — no food served — on the south side of Van Buren street a few doors from Michigan avenue.

And for a mid-morning sweetroll, fresh from the oven, with good butter, and excellent coffee, there's Maurice's on Madison street near Wells.

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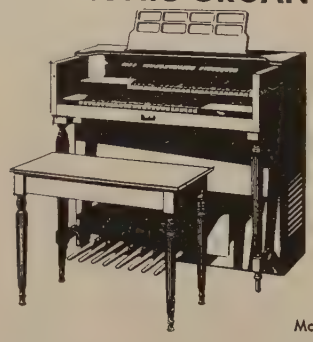

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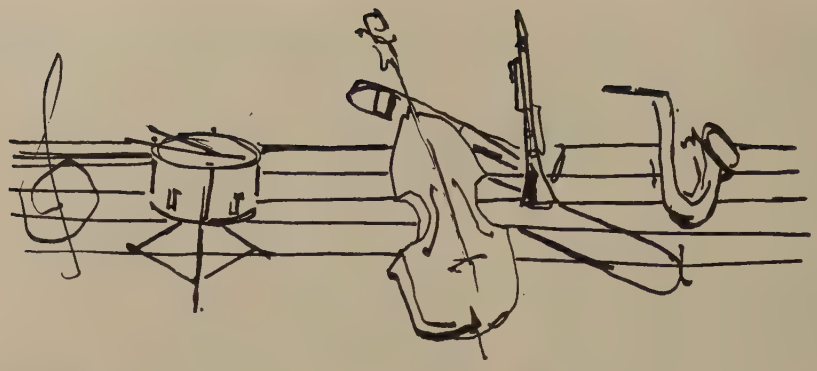

the orchestra's Potential:

something more than random entertainment

by Stenterello

▪ Fritz Reiner believes in saving the best until last. And the orchestra's performance of music from *Der Rosenkavalier* as its closing concert of the season was a rather spectacular finale. Evenings of this kind are rare, and we are grateful. The soloists, Astrid Varnay, Hilde Gueden and Martha Lipton, were excellent, despite the fact that their voices were a little too much alike in quality to draw the subtle distinctions of character which the ensembles need.

But the credit goes to Mr. Reiner. His handling of the whole show was expert. The total effect was a striking result of careful, intelligent workmanship coupled with an unusual control over a complex musical situation. *Der Rosenkavalier* can easily be banal in the hands of a conductor who substitutes enthusiasm for discipline. And, if a personal prejudice can be allowed here, it was good for a change to hear the best of the opera without having to sit thru the overly long show which it can often be. Cut versions of opera are not often justifiable, but a performance like this forgives a good many of the sins which might otherwise be attributable to it.

In view of the fact that the closing concert was so good, it is difficult to comment on the two which preceded it. One of them — a Wagner-Brahms program with the Parsifal music and Artur Rubinstein's playing of the D minor piano concerto — was not the fault of the orchestra. The Parsifal music was unusually well done. Reiner gave it an orchestral balance and assurance which made it move. Wagner can be static and confusing if overplayed; but the orchestra's awareness of the wonderful drama and tension which judicious control can give to a Wagnerian score avoided the dullness which so often characterizes the Prelude and Good Friday Spell.

▪ The Brahms was another matter. The first two movements were not bad. Rubinstein's handling of the music was direct, straightforward and intelligent, despite the remarkable number of wrong notes. The last movement, however, was beyond even disappointment. It was downright irritating. Eccentric, uncalled for and apparently unrehearsed changes in tempi turned the whole business into a farcical game of follow-the-leader, only it was difficult to tell who was leading whom. One would like to think that the bravos which followed were for Reiner, who somehow made it come out reasonably even.

The preceding week gave us Moussorgsky's Prelude to "Khovanstchina," Debussy's "La Mer," Blacher's "Orchestra Variations on a Theme of Paganini," and Mozart's C major Symphony ("Jupiter"). The Moussorgsky was quite beautiful. Again, Mr. Reiner's control won out. But it lost him the Debussy, which was pretty bad. "La Mer" cannot afford the sort of analytic polishing which Mr. Reiner gave it. The play on tonal color disappears as soon as you scrub the score, dissect it and neglect to reassemble it smoothly. It becomes dull and disjointed.

The Mozart, too, was a little confusing. It was orchestrally thick and overblown. One can try to ignore the technical blowup in the fugato of the last movement; but the pounding kettledrums were beyond reason or necessity. And the less said about the Blacher, speaking of necessity or the lack of it, the better.

▪ All in all, an assessment of the season is a difficult thing. Mr. Reiner has remarkable talents in a number of important areas, and the orchestra is a good one — a better one under the discipline it has had recently. Mr. Reiner's great virtue is his ability to get exactly what he wants from his musicians. This is no mean trick. But it does lead the critical listener to make more demands than those which are solved by the technical genius involved in getting a group into shape.

Some of the problems described above might be solved, or least avoided, by better programming and more time. Good contemporary works need not be replaced by dull, academic exercises like the Blacher variations. But even within a traditional framework, there can be fewer warhorses or a general grooming of those which we all would agree ought to be paraded regularly.

An orchestra which is as well put together and as well managed as the Chicago Symphony ought to be able to afford more leadership in musical affairs than these concerts would indicate. Orchestral literature is wide enough and rich enough to allow for programming which is both general and intelligent in its appeal. An orchestra of this importance and potentiality has a responsibility to do something more than provide random entertainment.

Mail Box

SIR: In 1948, while living in the 5th ward . . . I performed the desperate little act of defiance of an independent voter fed up with the major parties . . . I cast my presidential cross for Edward A. Teichert, the nominee of the Socialist Labor party, despite the fact that I am not now nor have I ever been a member of that group. I . . . doubted that my vote would even be counted . . . Imagine my satisfaction . . . in reading in West of the Water Tower in your April issue *("How to Organize the Eggheads")* the following description of the returns for 1948 in that precinct: ". . . Edward A. Teichert . . . drew one vote."

Sincerely,
"EGGHEAD"

SIR: In your April issue there is an article entitled *"How to Organize the Eggheads."* The opening paragraph . . . is a vile slander on the decent men and women who are precinct captains for both political parties. I have been a precinct captain for 30 years and have yet to meet a precinct captain as described in this article. . . . The class of citizen who are precinct captains . . . are men and women who are respected members of their communities, men and women who own their own homes, and have raised their families in the area which they represent politically . . . in short the same class of people you would find if you visited any of our Loop banks or offices. . . .

HOWARD SLOAT

SIR: . . . I find the clear, straightforward style of CHICAGO — as contrasted with the consciously clever style . . .— pleasing and particularly appropriate for the locale.

HAROLD SAXE,
Arlington, Va.

SIR: How's for more of the lusty, rowdy Chicago stuff?

DIANA HIRSCH,
New York, N. Y.

SIR: CHICAGO has not imitated anybody, or at least not anybody we know; we guess it is 100% original. . . . You have set up a pattern which allows for great variation but which, if you continue to exercise your own good taste and judgment, will assure CHICAGO a strong personality of its own.

ROBERT CONLY,
Washington, D.C.

SIR: I am one of the unfortunates who arrived at each newsstand as the last copy was bought by someone else. . . . To be sure that it won't happen again I'm enclosing my check for a two years' subscription. . . .

BETTY RUSSELL

SIR: A friend of mine sent me your magazine which I like very much. And, I might add that I've passed it all around to the Chicago boys in my unit. Most all agree it is a fine publication and should have been out years ago.

SGT. RICHARD W. HUTTER,
Fort Bragg, N.C.

SIR: There is no magazine in the world like it, and no city like Chicago.

RUTH HERSCHBERGER,
New York, N. Y.

SIR: Loved that unsigned story of a day in a dog's life. (West of the Water Tower, May). More of the same, please.

ARTHUR L. CHIAPPE

SIR: My only criticism, so far, is that there is slightly too much emphasis on higher income groups and higher prices. . . .

MRS. WIN STRACKE

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How Moon Began to Shine

(Continued from page 51)

onslaughts of an abstract feminine devotion. It's hard to be pure voice in a world which matters.

But Timmy mattered. Timmy suffered sincerely.

▪ Timmy Moon, aged twenty-five his last birthday, sang out his heart for ninety dollars a week in places that used to be known as saloons and are now named *intimate supper clubs*. Methodically he eked out a livelihood, blind to fame, blind to judgment, blind to ambition, blind to all but himself. The M.C. told a joke about his last visit to the Coast; the purple lights clicked and swirled; Timmy, all trembling in the dream of music, blond-faced, tan-haired, brown-suited with tie to match, crept into the spot and leaned against the piano. He put his forehead against his arm, his arm against the microphone, and sobbed briefly. Then he said, "Thank you, folks, thank you truly. Well, I had a lotta requests for this little numbah. It like makes me think of a girl I used to adore — oh, words can't express it — "

And so he sang. He sang the blues that he had learned from studying Billie Holliday. He sang the blues that he had learned from studying Ella Fitzgerald. He sang of wah-men that did him wrong, of a bebbee who had left him without notice, of a lah-eef which was poor and empty. (He had also studied Bessie Smith). However, there were really kicks in it. The owners who shrugged their shoulderpads over his shenanigans, his sobbing, his tremolo, his apings of great ladies, still recognized that genuine old shiver when he got down on his knees before the drinkers of sixty-cent beer. "I'm lost without you, O Lawd how lost," — that shiver, they agreed from Kansas City to Erie, Peeay, was worth ninety bucks a week. Not one cent more, of course.

His secret was a drug, the most powerful narcotic known: he had the habit of loving Timmy Moon. When he sang, he retreated within himself so that only a great harsh bell of blues clanged under the purple lights, throbbing and keening and running a cool ninety-dollar finger up the spines of the customers.

If you can't afford Ella or Billie or Frankie Laine, then why not take Timmy Moon? That was how Mr. Oppie figured it.

"That what you call a Timmy Moon type riff?" Hal was asking.

"Listen, dads, he's too square to be around," Gord answered.

Oppie wheezed with laughter, patting himself. "Great! Great! Peabody Smith should use it! Mention me on your show, Gord, I always been a pal to you. Tell them how genial and no cover on week nights."

Earlier, it had been a trying day for Gord Chipping and Hal Madeleine. A newspaper columnist having mentioned that they hardly had time to eat, the girls were bringing food to the studio which had to be devoured at once or it contaminated the goodwill so arduously produced for drug and television, for credit loan and used car dealer, for lanolin and for the perfume which CMANDZ your heavy date's attention and is therefore, at better drugstores and beauty counters everywhere, called: See Oh Em Em Ay En De CMAND. "Now we have here a visitor to our studios. Bet she uses cmand. What you say your name is? Miss Margie O'Lansky?" Gord Chipping had asked into sixty thousand radios, one-fourth of them in automobiles, two-fifths in homes, and the remainder in miscellaneous barber shops, bowling alleys, filling stations and socially-advanced offices. "So sweet of you, Margie. How do you call that kind of cake, a Grand Rapids Cream Pie? Speak up. Gee, that's cute, really great. Really delicious, yummy. Thank you extremely, Margie. That was Miss Margie O'Lansky, she carried her own special Grand Rapids Cream Pie Ready-Mix Cake on the bus downtown from uptown just for yours truly, Gord Chipping, friends. And now — "

Gord and Hal were exhausted. Knocked out. Beat. Still, they dropped by Old Oppie's Place on opening night to catch a look at this weeping worry-bird, Timmy Moon.

Timmy sang: "St. Louis wah-man, with your diamond ring —." Timmy sang: "She done shipped off, with my best pal —." They eyed him in the long slouch of their authority. They stirred their drinks. When the last sob was passed off and they looked at each other and neither laughed, then they knew that they had it. If to create means to make something from nothing, then Gord Chipping and Hal Madeleine could be the greatest artists since Leonardo da Vinci and Symphony Sid. They would invent Timmy Moon, America's Outstanding Lover Man. They set their plans.

"What say, Hal?"

"One hunnert percent, Gord!"

The next day they each bought a copy of Timmy Moon's recording of "She Done Shipped Off," backed by "My Lady Who Left Me." On the hour they played the first; on the half hour, the second.

They said into the microphone: "Go to your record store and buy this great new singer, Timmy Moon. Take it from me, and I mean confidentially speaking, he's going to be America's new A-number-one Outstanding Lover Man, well all right. He's really great."

The girls began to buy.

The record shops ordered new pressings of the record. "With those who know the score, it's gonna be Timmy Moon, eight to five. I mean he's cool, man."

By the next day the other disc jockeys in town had felt the competition and were playing those great new Timmy Moon slabs. "He's the singer with feeling. Everybody says so. You can go a lo-ong way in the Business with that real old heart-felt feeling," one jock observed. The girls bought.

Gord and Hal were far ahead of their colleagues, however. They had dibs on inviting Timmy to the studio, and when they asked the turnout of Central High music-lovers, "Who wants to marry Timmy Moon?" the chorus shrieked back into sixty thousand homes, gas stations and other outlets: "Me! Me! Me!"

"Now how do you feel about that, Timmy?"

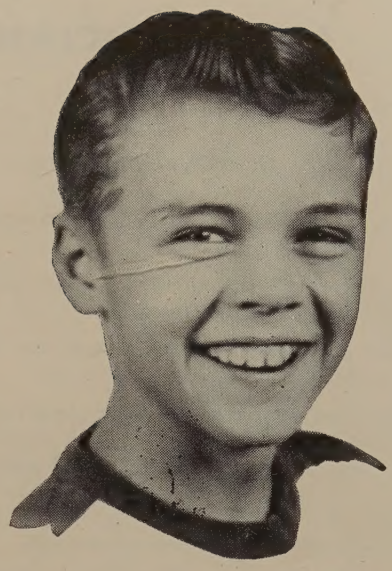
Timmy thought a moment. "All choked up inside," he said at last. "That's a real nice response, Hal. I really appreciate what you fellows are doing for me, like playing my little old rendition of 'She Done Shipped Off,' backed by 'My Lady Who Left Me,' recorded by Monteverdi Records and available at music counters everywhere, so many times yesterday and I unnerstand you're gonna play it even more today. I'm just a ordinary guy loves to sing, that's all. God bless you all, and bye now."

"TIMMY! TIMMY! TIMMY!" cried the studio audience.

"That's Timmy Moon they're crying for," Hal Madeleine breathed into the microphone, "our special guest this afternoon, like a really special one, and you can catch him tonight at Old Oppie's Place down on Euclid avenue, and now a word about Greengrass Chlorophyl y'know, friends, Greengrass Chlorophyl is made from genuine scientifically-tested grass grown at the Greengrass people's special farm down in North Carolina and shipped to your local drugstore in refrigerated trucks. That's Greengrass Chlorolphyl, folks—"

But over this bulletin thundered the word: "TIMMY!"

Mr. Oppie of Old Oppie's Place, in a gesture rare to him, raised Timmy to one-twenty a week. The kids were coming in. Hal and Gord were often on hand to greet them. Scouts for the movies, for large recording companies and famous nightclubs, set out from New York, Chicago, Miami and Los Angeles to take a look at this kid, Timmy Moon, who was causing such a ruckus in Cleveland, Ohio. They were coming by Cadillac and coming by Lincoln Zephyr; they were putting their Seconal'd heads to rest on the pillows of the Empire State Express and waking up in the Union Terminal; they were taking United and Eastern and landing at the municipal airport with pockets bulging with legal agreements for solidity and benzedrine tablets for putting it to him fast. Hal advised Timmy about breaking his old contract. Gord took Timmy to his personal tailor for an expert fitting. Later he reported how Timmy had



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giggled when the tape was stretched against him: "But like it tickles, Gord!"

Gord and Hal decided that Timmy should accept a second holdover week at Old Oppie's, and then a third. That way people knew where he was, and it provided good newspaper copy that the latest meteor in the pop music heaven had flashed down onto Euclid in Old Oppie's Place. "Ja-ever hear such sincerity? It makes you kind of think, don't it? This here music business is rough on sincere folks, but man O man, they couldn't come any more sincere'n Timmy Moon and *live*. Yessir, he's like a fine studio couch from Faber's Fifty-nine-pay Furniture, it always strikes you reet and no cracks in the middle—"

Interviewed on Gord's radio show, deeply, deeply moved, Timmy repeated a line which worked as well on himself as on the girls: "For loving me so, God bless you all."

"It is true," breathed Gord—*O Timmy, is it true?*—"that story that they tell about you? Is it true that you take your shoes like to be shined at the Statler Shoeshine, and you don't even tell them who you are?"

"That's true," said Timmy Moon.

"Timmy! Timmy!"

"Is it true that you just give them your shoes like you were just like any old body, just some square or other, and you never make anything like about being really, in fact, *you* know, the one and only Timmy Moon?"

"Aw, that's right, Gord," said Timmy.

"Timmy!" a wail went up from the studio audience. *"Is it true?"*

"True, true," said Timmy. "I admit it, it's true."

Briskly, trippingly, prideful but aware of his responsibilities, Gord Chipping was repeating this scoop into the microphone for those who might have tuned in late. "Guys and gals, we have Timmy Moon on our record jamboree this afternoon, the latest singing sensation and for your pal Gord Chipping, the greatest star of them all, that up-and-coming young lover man, here right now in person to meet those of you who haven't had the pleasure so far—what's the matter, you dead or something? Ha-ha, I was only kidding. But seriously, just to tell you the kind of boy he is, Timmy has verified in his own words a story going the rounds in all the columns now, that it's true that Timmy Moon, today beginning his fourth smash week at Old Oppie's, and his recording of 'She Done Shipped Off' is an all-time Cleveland best-seller this month, he doesn't even tell the shoeshine boys at the Statler

who he is. Just gives them his shoes with a great big smile, that's our Timmy. That true, Timmy?"

"It's true, Gord. Sure, the way I figger, I'm no better'n they are – "

"TIMMY! TIMMY!"

"I'm maybe just a guy got a way with a song, that's all – "

"TIMMY! NO!"

" – all you nice people who are so nice to me nightly at Oppie's – "

"TIMMY!"

" – yes, it's true, Gord. That's right. It's true."

Margie O'Lansky, founder and president of the Timmy Moon Fan Club, Maple Heights Chapter #1, fainted dead away before so much truth in a world where little but entertainment can be counted on and it's hard, hard to lead the life of an audience. She breathed his name, it was reported by Rae-Rita Plotnik, treasurer, as she went down for a short count.

Peabody Smith, Cleveland's distinguished freeloader and nightlife columnist, employed one of his most striking metaphors in comparing the descent onto the city of Broadway's Shrewdest and Hollywood's Most Determined to a convention of locusts. "It's a plague of agents and scouts, all out for Mr. Moon's John Hancock," Peabody added. "Don't forget Cleveland, Timmy, we gave you your first start. Confidential rumor has it he's going to forget us."

Gord and Hal drafted a letter for Timmy in which he stated in his own words that his heart would ever be full to o'erbrimming of Cleveland, that friendly-type city, its love of fine music and its big hearty welcome to just a lonely artist, and especially those grand fellows and artists in their own way, Mr. Gord Chipping and Mr. Hal Madeleine, and no matter where he roamed, he would always remember the people who came to Old Oppie's nightly to hear his renditions and then bought his Monteverdi Records waxings of a couple songs that really meant something to him. (Signed.) Together with the text of the letter, the Cleveland *Press* printed a photograph of his autograph, retouched by Gord's handwriting analyst.

The night before Timmy's departure for New York, an autograph jamboree was billed at the Koule Bros. Music and Record Shoppe. Timmy signed the labels of his new recording, "Last Winter's Snowball Is Melted, All Melted," backed by "My Sister Knows the Trouble I Seed." The mayor spoke. Harry Koule arose and stated that Timmy was the nicest lover man he had ever had the pleasure to meet: "And I been in the Business twenty years and it tears your soul out by the roots, laddie. It's a hard-hearted business." Everyone was moved. Old Oppie wept for the first time since he had been picked up for corrupting a minor. The governor sent a telegram; the Singers, Crooners and Vocal Operators of America (Lover Men, A. F. of L.) sent flowers; representatives of the two political parties hinted that they could count on Timmy's moral support in the coming crucial days. "My sister always taught me to believe in morals. Those things go like straight right here," Timmy said, pointing to his heart, "like those croe-shul things, I mean."

"Timmy! We want Timmy!" the mob shrieked outside.

"Timmy's non-partisan," his interpreter, Gord Chipping, announced. "He speaks the language of love. That's everyone's language, you know. What's good for Timmy is good for the country. But he really carries the torch for the Constitution and he's loyal to the Declaration of Independence, too – take it from me, Gord Chipping."

"God bless you all," Timmy murmured as a flashbulb exploded in his face.

Unfortunately these words were caught by the amplifier and carried to the crowd waiting outside. The police line, trained by riot, strike and war, was not sufficiently skilled to cope with the enthusiasm of high school girls. Howling, blissful, they broke past and came leaping thru. "Timmy!" The mayor slipped unnoticed out a rear exit to summon the fire hoses. An elderly lady, crippled since she found out why Cock Robin died, threw away her crutches and vaulted the back of a policeman, wailing, "She done shipped off, She took my heart, O yes she's gone, gone, gone." Timmy stood with his arms upraised, somehow now aloft on a counter, and for an instant the mob hesitated before him.

"Timmy!"

The wave broke over him.

Gord Chipping looked out at the suppliants tearing at the lapels of Timmy Moon, snipping at his shoelaces with their teeth, thrusting autograph books or family Bibles into his hands, and said: "You're a success, Hal. You did this all by your lonesome, plus me."

Hal Madeleine shifted uneasily in his responsibilities, and silently prayed that the crowd would not crush Timmy's delicate chest, break his fountain pen, or muss the wispy hair coaxed over a bald spot no larger than a nickel. Hal put out a hand to his friend and murmured, "What hath Gord wrought?"

"Timmy!"

Even the Paladium in London was possible.

Timmy Moon, borne up on the arms of hundreds and thousands, saw into the hearts of the millions of his radio and television and movie audiences to come. With the prescience of genius he closed his eyes to these disturbing thoughts, calling up the image of himself which justified all truth, all beauty, and the jumping joys. He held tight to the shadow of Timmy Moon mourning some lost darling who had run off with a champion bowler and left him to sing alone in a purple light, his forehead bent against the piano, his knees rocking slightly as he sobbed twice and began the second chorus.

These thoughts were not disturbed by Miss Margie O'Lansky, the heroine of this story. In her hand she was piously bearing away a swatch of Timmy's hair.

CONTRIBUTORS

One of the weightiest names among atomic scientists is **Eugene Rabinowitch ("Chicago and the H-Bomb"),** who is described in the box accompanying his article.

Now in Haiti on a grant from the Institute of International Education, **Herbert Gold ("How Moon Began to Shine")** is the author of many short stories and two novels, the latest of which, "The Prospect Before Us," is being published this year.

Russell V. Hamm ("Russ Hamm's Chicago") has been a press photographer in Chicago for 28 years, the last 10 at The Tribune. He has won many photography awards and was one of the founders of the National Press Photographers association.

"It Takes Two to Tango" is **Jean Martin's** first published piece; the story is based on an incident of her stay in Paris two years ago. She is a mechanical draftsman who works on Diesel locomotives.

Ole Selseth ("The Folk of Stern Purpose") earns his living drawing caricatures at conventions.

The compiler and writer of **"Mayors of Chicago," Robert L. Shebs,** is on the copy desk of The Tribune's neighborhood section.

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A familiar name to readers of The Tribune's sports pages is **Robert Cromie ("Barney and His Keglers").**

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